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A
SUMMARY DEFENCE
OF THE
RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE,
IN TWO LETTERS.

2
13 March 1796

RIGHT HONORABLE
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR THE COUNTY OF
SURREY



A
SUMMARY DEFENCE
OF THE
RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.
IN TWO LETTERS.

LETTER I.
ADDRESSED TO THE
REV. GILBERT WAKEFIELD,
IN REFUTATION OF ALL HIS POSITIONS.

LETTER II.
ADDRESSED TO THE
HON. SOMERSET LOWRY CORRY:
INCLUDING
STRICTURES
UPON
A LATE VIRULENT PAMPHLET,
WRITTEN BY
MR. WILLIAM MILES.

By *THOMAS TOWNSHEND, Esq.*
OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF GRAY'S INN.

And other Devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety. SHAKSPEARE.

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1796.



A LETTER

TO

MR. GILBERT WAKEFIELD,

“ Quid enim potest dici de illo, qui *nigram* dixit
“ *esse nivem?*” LACTANTIUS.

SIR,

THE extinction of the Age of Chivalry has been pathetically deplored by the late victim of your splendid bile; and the efflorescence of his eloquence bewailed with the sorrows of a philosopher those generous conceits of remoter days, which tinged with honourable, courteous, and urbane sentiments, the duties and intercourses of civilized man. But *finirent multi lato mala*—and his concern may now be superseded by his smiles, at the burlesqued revival of this ancient quality in your person and exploits. The giant, dwarf, and damsel, are, it is true, obsolete incitements to your prowess; but no sooner does a young and wealthy Duke suffer a thralldom, which most men think well-merited, than “ *the sequestered and antiquated student*” kindles into the avenger of wrongs, and, prancing in the lists, flings down his

B

gauntlet,

gauntlet, and couches the lance, regardless of all the hazards of the combat. He who takes your word for it, must have a very unyielding incredulity not to allow that it is an act of the most disinterested valour. But I apprehend that prudent men will not encourage by their praises, a giddy prank of headlong heroism, which has no view to remuneration. For my own part, I readily give credit to your passionate disavowals of interested adulation. Many reasons tempt me not to disbelieve them; and it is not the least convincing of the number, that in the scanty list of his Grace's failings, scrutiny herself cannot detect any instances of un-earned benefaction.

A ludicrous obliquity pervades the new order of things, and every incurvation from the ancient line of practice is hailed with the applause of discovery. Your new Chivalry, therefore, though it may not invite substantial reward, may, nevertheless, acquire for your hardihood *the honours of the Sitting* in the Bloomsbury Convention. But as Shakspeare has it, there is now an obliquity in every thing, and now

———The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool.

You are a scholar, Sir, and unpretending and unlettered as I am, I cannot contend with you in the multitude or merit of quotation.—However, Sir, as I am somewhat of a zealous admirer of ancient wisdom, if I should imitate you in classical prodigality,
I trust

I trust that my veneration for antiquity will qualify the moderation of my pretensions. Throughout fifty-two pages, fertile in a piebald mixture of undiscerning invective and maukish panegyric, but sterile to all excesses of barrenness in political truth, you have cast, with a lavish hand, some precious flowers culled from the gardens of Roman song; which, though they shiver in exotic sensibility, yet nevertheless bloom in a loveliness enriched by contrast among the weeds which surround them.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

The lowliest subject, produced by even the indiscreet eagerness of learning, must receive some ornament from the sentiments of Homer and Virgil; but, however they may adorn, they cannot in political controversies invigorate the arguments of impatient imbecility. You have assumed the venerable mantle of antiquity, to vilify it by the incongruous ornaments of democratic caprice; and the robe of Virgil, trimmed with the tri-coloured ribbon of French frippery, you have degraded by the most irreverent unsanctified abuse.

The desultory order of your subject renders it not very easy to escape perplexity, in following your opinions in the disjointed series in which they run. Unconnected notions and fortuitous conclusions make the sum of your pamphlet, with very few exceptions.

“ *Like the Cow in June,*” you frisk and scamper as versatily as the instinct goads. You rush in irregular sallies, *incertus quo fata ferunt, quo sistere detur.*

When you so peremptorily charged Mr. Burke with political inconsistency, during a life of long public service, you should not have disdained to preserve a little consistency in your own sentiments during the short extent of an hungry pamphlet. You pompously express your “ *rising indignation*” at the artificial neglect and mechanical insult with which “ *the rapturous eloquence of Edmund Burke*” affording “ *an exhibition of the most unrivalled genius and consummate virtue*” was received by Mr. Pitt and “ *his puny assessors.*” You utter, with a warmth not unbecoming a person well-acquainted with the imperishable memorials of Grecian and Roman oratory, the resentments of a critic; but you descend from the critic immediately into the wavering indeterminate man; and, in the very next page, you charge Mr. Burke,—this *man of genius and consummate virtue*—with “ *a defection from his political principles,*” and “ *a dereliction of his plan,*” as you call it. If his principles were defective, they could never have been those of of a man of “ *unrivalled genius and consummate virtue;*” and if they were good, as I believe all his principles were, and continue to be, a man of virtue could never consent to an unqualified desertion of them;—the thing is, at least, morally impossible.

The

The tiny scope of two pages afford this proof of your *consistence* : your liberal interpretations of his motives to forego his principles are alleged in a pert flourish of insolent kindness. You, forsooth ! would not encroach with inroads on his virtue ; but, like CANTACUZENE of old, *out of your amazing and almost incomprehensible virtue*, you condescend to make a most complacent apology for the springs which moved his *defection and his dereliction*, by ascribing them to “ instantaneous vexation,”—“ irritability of temper,”—“ want of sufficient magnanimity,”—“ an operation of false shame,”—“ a deficiency in the genuine love of truth.” Your praise and dispraise combat each other throughout your book ; and your inconsistency is among its most prominent peculiarities. Cicero gives a monitory hint adaptable to your case—*Fit enim nescio quo modo ut magis in aliis cernamus, quam in nobismet ipsis si quid delinquitur*.

Advancing to the more important errors of your pamphlet, you assert of Mr. Burke, “ *that he is chargeable with a relinquishment of his established political character* ;” and you observe with very contented symptoms of conviction, that this charge “ *is demonstrable from one indisputable fact*.” As a proof of this fact, you parody his words, and you ask a question—a very illogical mode of proving facts—“ Who reads Burke ? who ever has read him through ?”—and this is the notable fact which *proves* this gentleman’s relinquishment of his political character.

But perhaps this proof is but a limb of the trunk below, in which you say, that "*his mighty quartos, replete as they are with illuminations of philosophic truth, with all the enchanting extravagancies of the brightest fancy, with the spangles of metaphor, the coruscations of wit, and the blaze of eloquence; these quartos, with all their inexhaustible stores of instruction, delight, and rapture, lie neglected on the shelf, an incumbrance to the readers,—the receptacle of cobwebs, and the feast of worms.*"

Oh ! may they ne'er again digest,
The horrors of so sad a feast.

I shall barely notice the precision of the above lucid sentence, by declaring that I cannot understand how books, which *lie on the shelf neglected and unread*, can be an incumbrance to the reader ?—to a senseless stupid owner, they may ; but it is only for your new system of logic to prove that he, who *does not* read, is a reader.

Really, Mr. Wakefield, I am not sharp sighted in the new-fangled syllogisms which warrant such conclusions—an host of middle terms would not, to my trammelled judgment, warrant deductions of such a nature. If I were to draw my inferences from premises, which, by the way, I totally deny in the outset, I should reason very differently upon the neglect of those quartos. Assuming as an axiom, your assertion

tion, that “ *the proper inquiry in every instance is this alone—where is truth, moral and political, to be found?* ”

I say, adopting this, the question stands thus—either Mr. Burke’s works possess truth, moral and political, or they do not. If they possess this quality, they deserve the most considerate perusal; and, their being consigned to the shelf, does not prove the author’s *inconsistence*, any more than the altitude of his stature; but it proves what is a more lamentable matter, *a wrong bias in the public mind*. But if they do not possess this same moral and political truth, they, as far as they profess it in such a case, deserve a very oblivious doom indeed; and, in such circumstances, such a destiny may prove their want of adequate claims to general perusal; but it never can prove that Mr. Burke has either *deserted his principles*, or been *inconsistent*.

But “the thunder of that oratory which was once
 “ launched at the devoted head of Lord North, and
 “ the abettors of American subjugation, contained
 “ axioms of CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY and po-
 “ litical justice,” and “the positions and principles
 of that oratory, are now no longer *his* (Mr. Burke’s);
 and his present exertations are contrasted with his
 former efforts.” Now, Sir, you and I are somewhat
 at issue—You declare that Mr. Burke has seceded
 from those axioms of CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY
 and political justice, which, his speeches on the state
 of American affairs, a few years ago, so brilliantly and

so energetically maintained.—To this, I give a most unqualified negative; and I say, that he has *not relinquished* his principles a single jot. Observe, Sir, that I do not contend with you about abstract doctrines of liberty and justice: the subject matter, the *substratum*, is—constitutional liberty and political justice. The terms constitutional liberty have, I take it for ceded, a reference to some definite intelligible principles annexed to some government or other; and political justice, such as you mean, I assume to be such doctrines of justice as are congenial with and supported by the essence and spirit of that government. Now, Sir, in the circumstances in which Mr. Burke stood a member of the British House of Commons, pleading in such strains of deathless oratory as cannot be surpassed by the noblest efforts of mortal genius,—which will last as long as taste, learning, and freedom shall be estimable among mankind!—pleading, I say, in such resistless greatness, the cause of his American Brethren; it cannot be suspected but you must mean (and, in contempt of all doubt, you do intend) by *constitutional liberty*, that actual, legal, regulated spirit of freedom, which the British Constitution bestows upon the people of this empire.

Considered in this order of plain, easy, unwarped deduction—when you say, that Mr. Burke is no longer the assertor of “*those axioms of constitutional liberty and political justice which were launched at the devoted head of Lord North and the abettors of*”
“ *Ame-*

“ *American subjugation*,” you declare, in as explicit terms as can convey meaning, that Mr. Burke is no longer the supporter, or call it what you will, of the British Constitution; but “ *that his present exertions, on being contrasted with his former efforts, must rouse indignant nature and revolting virtue at the enormous inconsistency of the man.*” You have inextricably entangled yourself in this contradictory position, and you leave, as the legitimate consequence to your premises, that Mr. Burke, who is not only the defender, but, at least, one of the saviours of that constitution, from which has emanated all that has invigorated, ameliorated, and enfranchised the state of civil society in the modern world; you say, that this man, at the very moment of accomplishing those paramount services immediately to his country, and mediately to all Europe, is the oppugnor of his own principles, and the destroyer of his own political character: and this “ *rouses indignant nature and revolting virtue at the enormous inconsistency of the man.*” — *Dat inania verba, dat sine mente sonum.*—You cannot but perceive that this tumid rant is a mere explosion of innoxious reproach. Liberty—the mellowed, cultivated, manly liberty of his country—has ever been the proud theme of his talents. The spears of our iron Barons of old, like the rod of the Jewish Legislator, opened in the vast deserts of ignorance and slavery, the sacred fountain of liberty; and from that, our English spring, have meandered in devious streams throughout the disturbed surface
of

of descending ages, those irriguous rivulets, which, coalescing in their force, have sometimes burst in cataracts, and sometimes glided clear, tranquil, and majestic, purifying the atmosphere by their smooth currency, and fertilising the soil by gentle overflowings.—The lips of the thirsty multitude have drank this limpid boon of nature,—not to glut, but to refresh themselves. No bloated, anafarcous, dropical liberty arose from their temperate and wholesome measures. Percolating through all the vast intervening strata of clays, but rendered fæculant from the many noxious particles which it imbibed in its progress—it trickled through all the vast impediments which temporarily checked its course, and stole in concealed streams, fathoms deep, to bless the soil of France, in happier days.—Time defecating Time, might, as it spontaneously approached the surface, have purified and rendered it sanient; but the mad-brained metaphysical delvers, who dug the hell-deep grave of royalty, opened the noxious turbid puddle, which burst upon them into day, worse than Circe's cup, converting those who tasted of it into worse than swine.

There are two periods in the political life of this great and eloquent statesman, Mr. Burke—for such I shall hold him till my mind deserts me, which I shall compare, or, at least, discuss; I mean his conduct precursory to, and also during the American War, and since the Revolution in France. I am
in-

instigated, Sir, by two reasons, in assuming those two luminous instances of the intuitive pervading light of his great mind. You will, I doubt not, brood with pleasure over them, because you already anticipate proofs of his *inconsistence*; and I shall enter upon them with the satisfied reality of proving the direct contrary.

Recurring to the case of America, Sir, the situation of a disturbed colony is not a new occurrence in the transactions of mankind: considered in that naked way, the attention is not earnestly solicited by the promises of instruction. But when we see a vast and outspread region of a distant continent, peopled by an active enthusiastic race, whose ancestors preferred encountering the ocean and the desert, to suffering the legal restraints of their mother land; men, who had painted the dreariest shores and the most gloomy forests with the loveliest blossoms of British freedom;—when we see the descendants of those men beseeching as a concession, as a bountiful condescension of their parent country, the rights which their brethren enjoyed on this side the ocean;—tenderly and plaintively obsecrating the spirit and extent of those laws which they had a right to claim as the birth-right of Englishmen;—such was indeed a rare and an interesting spectacle. America did not declare war against all kings and all governments;—with Magna Charta in her hands, she first besought her inheritance, then de-

demanded it ; and eventually obtained that, and more.

Before this struggle expired, the death of which had bequeathed to posterity a legacy so pregnant with instruction, Mr. Burke bore with all his talents against those disastrous councils, which threatened so portentous a ruin : in those arduous and dubious days of dismay and peril, he uttered with a manly voice those illuminating precepts of genuine constitutional liberty, which would impart British freedom to America ; and predicted, with a prophet's mind, the ultimate issue of that unnatural contest.—He would rather try to conciliate, than to conquer America. During all that time, in which the cries of America were uttered across the Atlantic, Mr. Burke interpreted her sorrows : and when despair and nature urged her to a sterner tone, he told the importance of her menace. But in all he said and did, there was not a single sentiment, impliedly or directly, favouring of the savage eccentricities, which are broached with so much rage by modern theorists.—There were no allusions to visionary doctrines of government ; no abstract imaginary rights ; no wanderings through infinite space, to jostle upon new expedients in legislation. In no one page of his writings at that period, can be found any chimerical designations for the perfection of human nature—in none of his volumes can you discover man unfledged, and plucked of all his habitudes, modes

modes of mind, and disposition of heart—standing an abstract *crop*, a rifled metaphysical thing, to be forged and hammered into any fantastic shape to which the decree of a Convention may doom him.—Till Mr. Burke can be convicted of slumbering in his mind, and having his dreams disturbed with the *incubus* of theory, and his fancy swarming with all sorts of monstrous phantoms of government, I must defy you or any man, be he who he will, to prove his dereliction of his principles.

I proceed now, Sir, to inquire in what degree this gentleman's conduct, immediately since the French Revolution, accords or disagrees with that which has distinguished his political life. It is unnecessary for me to premise those throes of languishing authority which preceded that extraordinary occurrence; they are well known to the world. The ancient and venerable column of French Royalty, *covered with the hoar of innumerable ages*, was thrown from its base.

Push'd by a wild race,
From off its base,
Rome, like a giant-statue, fell.

Its mighty fall crumbled its ancient buttresses, the nobility and the clergy, in the dust; and the noise of its ruin thundered awfully in the ears of Europe.

The breaking of so great a thing should make
A crack in nature!—The round world
Has shook—*lions into civil streets!*

This

This astonishing ruin was no sooner effected, without any provident regard to supply the want of its old controul being taken, when all the *parties and sects that ebb and flow by the moon*, opened each his stock in trade; and theories and systems of government were, as Falstaff says, to be bought as cheap as stinking fish. Some of the readiest handycraft legislators proposed the re-erection of the stump of the old column, chipped and mutilated as it was. Accordingly it was set up, and a most lugubrious caricature of monarchy it was. Englishmen, too saturnine in their nature to work levities themselves, have ever trusted to France, the European warehouse of follies, for what they did not care to invent: and hardly had this scene been performed in Paris, than congratulations and addresses were uttered without number from some philosophical politicians in London to those of the same sect in France. These adventurers in gratulation, these unsuborned volunteers in panegyric, did not wait to see what was compounding by the chemical politicians in Paris:—the cauldron was smoking; and how it was heated, or what its contents were, it was not worth the labour of those generous gentlemen to inquire: they had praise enough to bestow; and they knew there was no commodity in which they were so rich, and could part with, with so magnanimous an indifference to the propriety of distribution. They saw every thing that was going on in France through the thick fog which surrounded it: all was undefined and vast in this haze; and so much

much greatness was considered as imitable, without allowing any thing for the vapoury medium, which exaggerated by false bulk the limits of what was beheld. While the legislators of France were thus—

————murdering impossibility, to make
What could not be slight work ;

new doctrines were broached in this country, and the pulpit of Christian Peace, and the board of political feasts and revelling, were incongruously affixed as places meet for the promulgation of such opinions.

That the election of our kings, cashiering them when the people are out of humour with them, and framing a government for themselves, were sanctified by the British Constitution, was confidently maintained. Notions so flagrantly false were thus instilling into the public mind, while the great mass of the nation was passively slumbering in a mulled, lethargic indifference to the public danger. So deleterious a poison called for a rapid and efficient antidote. The period was interesting, alarming, and astounding. In France, every thing was overcast, portentous, and uncertain. A doubtful shade of confusion obfuscated the times ; and through the gloom, the dogs of havoc were heard to howl—*que canes ulurare per umbram*. In England, his Majesty's right to the hereditary throne of his ancestors was a common-place discussion among the clubs of the day. Summoned by such
a ter-

a terrifying necessity, Mr. Burke opposed himself to those flagitious discussions, which would have been (if not combated at that juncture) the heralds of a revolution in this country. He was—if this use of Plato's term may be allowed, “ ’Ο ὢν,”—THE ONE—on this great occasion.

When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads,

such a man is an host. He unrolled the scroll of the British Constitution, explained the simple explicit compact between all the orders and members of the community, and expounded the true constitutional import of each august period, which has secured with additional ramparts the invaluable treasure of British liberty. He looked into the very essence of government, considered, as it should be, as a *practical science*; showed the wondrous complexity in that great compound of protection and duty, the two correlative hinges upon which the happiness of man in society must ever turn; and exposed the jejune, bald, starveling projects of every pert addle-brained theorist, who, rejecting the experience of ages, and too proud of his flatulent conceits to consider the nature of associated *covenanted* man, would make the crudities of his own head the standard of mortal happiness and wisdom.

In rendering this vast service to his country, Sir, where is his inconstance to be found? During the American war, his love of his country urged him to condemn a conflict in violation of liberty—of British liberty and justice, which threatened a momentous loss to the state. Since the French Revolution, the same motive—a love of his country, and her freedom—determined him to stand forward in their defence, against all the terrors which (yawning wide) threatened to ingulph that constitution which gives this empire its ascendancy among the nations of the world: Against all the disastrous phrensies which have rocked to its base almost every state in Europe, against all that has been poured from the foul jaws of every blatant bellower of sedition, this great man has stood unmoved. He has stood forward to oppose the death-flood of French madness, to raise a mound against its current, which may make it retrocede to its polluted sources; and that he has done, by arousing the *mind* of his country. In defending the laws and liberties of his country, he has shown that monarchy, religion, nobility, and freedom, are the well-twisted strands of the cable which hold the political bark: no one of them can sustain, in the mighty whirl of state tempests, the trust consigned to it;—it will yield like a cobweb; but, whilst we keep them in the close blended twist which the cautious zeal of our ancestors have given them, and have sound hearts a-board,—the winds may rise and the waters roll in harmless sublimity.

And now, Mr. Wakefield, where is Mr. Burke's inconstitence, desertion, and dereliction to be found? —Perhaps you cannot easily discover. It is possible that if you were to be indulged in the choice, you could select a few passages, from his late publication, less ardent in praise of liberty than others you could show.—What then? It is easy to charge any man who has said or written much with inconstitence, if the charge be rested on general principles, coloured by the circumstances under which they are used, and which, being indiscriminately torn from their application, are interpreted nakedly, without regard to the corresponding context. For my part, I must prefer, to such illiberal extortion of passages, the natural complexion of the sentiments of the author.—In that book written on the French Revolution, from which, when you and I, as well as all the mob of revilers who have lived by wounding the private peace and darkening the reputation of its author, shall moulder in peaceful oblivion, the politician will estimate his moral calculations, and the rhetorician draw the richest examples of the most consummate eloquence,—in that book, I say, and very early too, the author speaks of himself in terms, rather more dissonant to the notes of your assertions than you seem to apprehend.

“ * I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral,
 “ regulated liberty, as well as any gentleman of that
 “ (the Revolution) Society, be he who he will; and

* Reflections on the Revolution in France, Page 8.

per-

“ perhaps I have given as good proofs of my attach-
 “ ment to that cause in the whole course of my poli-
 “ tical life. *I think I envy liberty as little as they do to*
 “ *any other nation.*” Has Mr. Burke, in this passage,
 deserted his customary principles? Speak out, Mr.
 Wakefield: or do you relish the conclusion of this
 paragraph?—take it. “ But I cannot stand forward,
 “ and give praise or blame (observe, sir,) to any thing
 “ which relates to human actions and human con-
 “ cerns, on a simple view of the object, as it stands
 “ stripped of every relation, in all the nakedness and
 “ solitude of metaphysical abstraction. Circumstances
 “ give, in reality, to every political principle, its
 “ distinguishing colour and discriminating effect:—
 “ the circumstances are what render every civil and
 “ political scheme beneficial or noxious to man-
 “ kind.” This is the language of a statesman, ut-
 tering the sage cautions of an enlightened mind:—
 not a political apostate, enraged against the freedom
 of man. *Sunt res quædam ex tempore, et ex consilio,*
non ex sua natura considerandæ: quid tempora petant,
considerandum est—thus speaks Cicero.

“ * The speculative line of demarcation, where
 “ obedience *ought to end* and resistance *must begin*, is
 “ faint, obscure, and not easy definable.”—“ Times
 “ and occasions and provocations will teach their
 “ own lessons: the wise will determine from the
 “ gravity of the case; the irritable, from sensibility
 “ to oppression; the high-minded, from disdain and

* Reflections, &c. Page 43.

“ indignation at abusive power in unworthy hands ;
 “ the brave and bold, from the love of honourable
 “ danger in a generous cause.” Pray, Sir, which is
 this—the Edmund Burke of your praise or your ob-
 loquy, who speaks now ?

“ * They” (the men of light and leading in Eng-
 land—“ are sensible that religious instruction is of
 “ more consequence to them than to any others,
 “ from the greatness of the temptation to which they
 “ are exposed ; from the important consequences
 “ that attend their faults ; from the contagion of
 “ their ill example ; from the necessity of bowing
 “ down the stubborn neck of their pride and ambi-
 “ tion to the yoke of moderation and virtue ; from
 “ *a consideration of the fat stupidity and gross ignorance*
 “ *concerning what imports men most to know, which*
 “ *prevails at courts, and at the head of armies and in*
 “ *senates, as much as at the loom and in the field.*”

“ I reprobate no form of government merely upon
 “ abstract principles: there may be situations in
 “ which the purely democratic form will become ne-
 “ cessary ; there may be some (very few, and very
 “ particularly circumstanced) where it would be de-
 “ sirable †.”

“ Far am I from denying in theory—full as far is
 “ my heart from withholding in practice, (if I were
 “ of power to give or to withhold) the real rights of
 “ man. In denying their false claims of right, I do not
 “ mean to injure those *which are real*, and are such
 “ as their pretended rights would totally destroy ‡.”

* Reflections, &c. p. 151. † Ibid. p. 185. ‡ Ibid. p. 86

As I have taken these extracts from his later publications, permit me to make a retrospective quotation from one of his speeches, spoken during that period of his life which you seem so desirous of loading with panegyric—I allude to his election for Bristol.

“ The distinguishing part of our constitution is its
 “ liberty: to preserve that liberty inviolate is the
 “ peculiar duty and proper trust of a member of the
 “ House of Commons. But the liberty, the *only*
 “ liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with *order*,
 “ —and that not only exists *with* order and virtue,
 “ but cannot exist at all *without* them. It adheres
 “ in good and steady governments, as in its substance
 “ and vital principle.”

Again—“ We are now members for a rich commercial city; this city, however, is but a part of a rich
 “ commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which however is itself
 “ but part of a great empire, extended by our virtue
 “ and our fortune to the farthest limits of the East
 “ and of the West. All these wide spread interests
 “ must be considered, must be compared, must be
 “ reconciled, if possible. We are members for a free
 “ country; and surely we all know that *the machine*
 “ *of a free constitution is no simple thing,—but as intricate and as delicate* as it is valuable. We are
 “ members in a great and ancient MONARCHY; and
 “ we must preserve religiously the true legal RIGHTS
 “ OF THE SOVEREIGN, which form the key-stone
 “ that

“ that binds together the *noble and well-constructed*
 “ *arch of our empire and constitution.*”

This, Sir, is the Mr. Burke of twenty-three years ago—very inconsistent, truly. But you, Sir, and other gentlemen revilers, who think proper to pass every splenetic hour in pouring some of your atra-bilarious invective against the consistence of Mr. Burke, it would be but a practical act of justice if you would balance the account fairly between his former and his later writings. Collate the past with his more recent publications—show that, in the latter, he has decried all free governments, the basis of which are laid in rational profound principles of civil liberty—show where he has presumptuously and openly maintained this insulting doctrine—mark where he has unambiguously implied it—and, as all your party like summary justice, drag him before the tribunal of his own former principles, and then condemn and gibbet him to perpetual discredit. Do this, or be silent for ever ;—be the *sequestered and antiquated student*, and nothing else. I doom you for ever, and so will the world, to your Virgil and your Homer—*Sedet aeternumque sedebit, infelix Theseus.*

There have been no machinations left unexerted to overshadow the credit of Mr. Burke's later and more valuable (because more useful) publications. Every malcontent in England, no matter what the complexion of his vizard may be, has an interest, a wicked advantage in the depreciation of his opinions. The rays of his mind, passing through the dense brains of his opposers, must

must naturally have been inflected out of their proper direction ; with some it has been the case ; others have wilfully misinterpreted him, and triumphed in the viciousness of their comments : many more have endeavoured to render an abhorrence to irreligion, to plunder, murder, and insatiate belluine havoc, convertible into an hostility to civil freedom. In short, the most untiring toil has been industriously working, in all conceivable varieties of miscellaneous persecution : the sinks of slander have been raked by night-men in political filth ; and all that the most malignant busy-tongued calumny—all that the most animated malevolence could set in motion, have been impelled against his private peace and his public reputation. But, compared with him, how ludicrously diminutive do all the gnats that buzz about him appear ? they are as petty in all endowments, moral and intellectual,—

As is the morning dew on the myrtle leaf,
To the grand sea.

Search and rummage, Sir, I pray you, all the stalls of democratic trumpery, and, if you can, find any thing like the following passage from that interdicted book upon the Revolution in France, comparable in weight of judgment, wisdom, and eloquence ; I shall then owe your party a sentiment which no other circumstance could provoke towards them—gratitude for profound philosophical instruction and

exquisite delight. You are too much* a scholar to require an apology for the length of it.

“ * You will observe, that from Magna Charta
 “ to the Declaration of Rights, it has been the uni-
 “ form policy of our constitution to claim and assert
 “ our liberties as an *entailed inheritance*, derived to
 “ us from our fore-fathers, and to be transmitted to
 “ our posterity,—as an estate specially belonging to
 “ the people of this kingdom, without any reference
 “ whatever to any other more general or prior right,
 “ By this means our constitution preserves an unity,
 “ in so great a diversity, of its parts. We have an
 “ inheritable Crown, an inheritable Peerage; and an
 “ House of Commons and a people inheriting privi-
 “ leges, franchises, and liberties from a long line of
 “ ancestors.

“ This policy appears to me to be the result of
 “ profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of
 “ following nature, which is wisdom without reflec-
 “ tion, and above it. A spirit of innovation is ge-
 “ nerally the result of a selfish temper and confined
 “ views.—People will not look forward to posterity,
 “ who never look backward to their ancestors. Be-
 “ sides the people of England well know, that the
 “ idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of
 “ conservation, and a sure principle of transmission,

“ without at all excluding a principle of improve-
 “ ment : it leaves acquisition free ; but it secures
 “ what it acquires. Whatever advantages are ob-
 “ tained by a state proceeding upon those maxims,
 “ are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement ;—
 “ grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By
 “ a constitutional policy working after the pattern
 “ of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our
 “ government and our privileges, in the same man-
 “ ner in which we enjoy and transmit our property
 “ and our lives. The institutions of policy, the
 “ goods of fortune, the gifts of providence, are
 “ handed down to us—and from us in the same
 “ course and order, Our political system is placed
 “ in a just correspondent symmetry with the order
 “ of the world, and with the mode of existence
 “ decreed to a permanent body, composed of tran-
 “ sitory parts ; wherein, by the disposition of a
 “ stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great
 “ mysterious incorporation of the human race,—the
 “ whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged,
 “ or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable
 “ constancy, moves on through the varied tenour of
 “ perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression.
 “ Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the
 “ conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are
 “ never wholly new,—in what we retain, we are never
 “ wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner, and
 “ on those principles, to our forefathers, we are
 “ guided—not by the superstition of antiquarians,
 but

“ but—by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this
 “ choice of inheritance, we have given to our frame
 “ of polity the image of a relation in blood, binding
 “ up the constitution of our country with our dearest
 “ domestic ties ; adopting our fundamental laws into
 “ the bosom of our family affections ; keeping inse-
 “ parable, and cherishing with the warmth of all
 “ their combined and mutually reflected charities,
 “ our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our
 “ altars.

“ Through the same plan of conformity to nature
 “ in our artificial institutions, and by calling in
 “ the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts to
 “ fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our
 “ reason, we have derived several other, and those
 “ no small benefits, from considering our liberties in
 “ the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if
 “ in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit
 “ of freedom leading in itself to misrule and excess,
 “ is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of
 “ a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habi-
 “ tual native dignity, which prevents that upstart
 “ insolence almost inevitably adhering to and dis-
 “ gracing those who are the first acquirers of any
 “ distinction. *By this means our liberty becomes a*
 “ *noble freedom.* It carries an imposing and majestic
 “ aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ances-
 “ tors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armo-
 “ rial. It has its gallery of portraits ; its monu-
 “ mental

“ mental inscriptions ; its records, evidences, and
 “ titles. We procure reverence to our civil institu-
 “ tions upon the principle upon which nature teaches
 “ us to revere individual men ; on account of their
 “ age ; on account of those from whom they are
 “ descended. All your sophisters cannot produce
 “ any thing better adapted to preserve a rational and
 “ manly freedom than the course that we have pur-
 “ sued, who have chosen our nature rather than our
 “ speculations, our breasts rather than our inven-
 “ tions, for the great conservatories and magazines
 “ of our rights and privileges.”

Here is a noble panegyric on the proud and an-
 cient fabric of British freedom, mixing our very hearts
 and souls in the grand compost of its structure. It
 is summoning every good propensity of man to look
 with a darling fondness to this splendid bequest of
 our ancestors. Our strength and our weakness, our
 feelings, passions, affections and reason, all cling
 with a rapturous fondness round this subject of love.
 I shall not say more upon Mr. Burke's consistence or
 inconsistency. I have proved, and his writings will
 afford more numerous and convincing proofs, that
 his enemies unblushingly have made false assertions
 on his public conduct, untenable in argument, un-
 founded in truth, and coloured over by only a
 flouncing spirit of invective and malignity, which
 spurns decency and reality with equal virulence.

Turning from the broad glare of mental effulgence, I again bend my attention to your crepusculous little page, to which not even two lines of Homer can impart light or heat. That the man who is manifestly incapable to judge on what has actually happened, should pretend to decide upon what a poet dead for some thousand years, would think if he were now alive, may be justly deemed an adventurous effort of dashing presumption. Yet, Sir, infelicitous as your passionate verdict upon Mr. Burke has been, you have not been deterred from undertaking to think for Homer! *He (id est Homer), would have seen through this fog of nominal imposition and insufferable insult, that the greater part of society, who can scarcely provide for mere animal subsistence, are NECESSARILY SLAVES, mere dependants upon the capricious bounty of their superiours, and of course exposed to all those vices which are connected with abject subordination, with LABORIOUS EMPLOYMENT, &c.*—All this is what Homer would see. Really, Sir, there is a very stern cast of despotism, which thorough-paced republicans know how to use, in arbitrarily mantling up the mind of the father of epic song with Mr. Wakefield's opinions.—O! what a long, long scale of declension!

If this passage in your pamphlet will bear any rational construction, it must signify that there is in every state many who are relatively poor; whose lot is consigned to the laborious avocations of life; and whose

whose poverty is sometimes mitigated by the largesses of the more wealthy. It does not require Homer's mind to see what is interwoven with the contexture of human society. If it be among the smooth visions of your sect to expunge from the mortal lot labour and poverty, you have only to extend your benefactions a little, which you may as well do as not, and throw into the gracious hand of theory sickness, old age, and death. We should then be a rosy faced race of mortals, not a jot the worse for a few experiments. We should make very precious materials indeed for the theoretical tribe, But to be serious, Sir, do you think to be relatively poor is to be necessarily a slave? Do you think that to abolish *subordination and laborious employments* would be to bestow felicity upon the humble ranks in life? If you do, you are the worst reasoner, and the most unreflecting, uninstructed politician, that imagination can stoop to draw. Your doctrines are so palpably out of truth and nature, that to make their extravagance the more obvious by argument, is impossible—to state them, is to do all that is necessary to their rejection from every man of sane mind. An Historian, with whom you and I are not unacquainted, had a juster notion of society some hundred years ago, than you seem to possess, with all the boasted auxiliaries of French philosophy. That Historian is Livy—*Labor voluptasque dissimillima natura societate quadam inter se naturali sunt juncta.*

The humbler and more laborious orders in society, possess that contentment which is hardly ever to be found in tumultuous splendour. Nature, the true organizer of congregated man, has decreed to tough-fibrewed labour the equable uncovetous mind, the healthy mould, and the unpurchasable slumbers of unbroken sleep. I could say much upon this subject, but it would appear common place.

Virgil, Sir, passed many years among the great ; he was the *Juvenum nobilium cliens*—knew the young and the old, the learned and the great, the profligate and the good ; Drusus Marcellus, Tiberius, Mæcenas, Horace, Augustus, and many others, filled the list of his friends and patrons. Yet we find that Virgil could descant with circumstantial minuteness on the charms of humble rural life ; nor did he think the labour of the rustic youth unworthy of his muse, while he dwelt himself in his elegant villas of Campania and Sicily.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
Agrícolas ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus,
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit œdibus undam ;
Nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postes,
Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyreïaque æra ;
Alba neque Assyrio fucator lana veneno,
Nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi :
At secura quies, et nescia fallere, vita,

Dives

Dives opum variarum ; at latis otia fundis,
 Speluncæ vivique lacus ; at frigida Tempe,
 Mugitusque boûm, mollesque sub arbore somni
 Non absunt, illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,
 Et patiens operum *parvô que assueta juvenus*,
 Sacra deûm, sanctique patris : extrema per illos
 Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit *.

Instead of correcting yourself from the instructions of Virgil, you only adopt such parts of his immortal mind as you can constrain by interpretation, to bear you through your purposes of rebuke. You tell Mr. Burke vauntingly, that the Roman poet proclaimed in the spirit of a Roman the loveliness of liberty to his patron and prince. Well, and what then? Mr. Burke, I suppose, knew as well as you did what Virgil wrote, and I think he would if he had set about it, explained the passage much better. Virgil told a plain historical fact ; he told it to a subtle specious tyrant, whose policy it was to use the mask of liberty as the integument to the most arbitrary purposes. Nothing could have fallen in with his views more entirely than an opportunity of approving such sentiments as rendered his aims least suspected. During the refined period at which Augustus governed, little indeed was to be dreaded from a passage in a splendid poem, calculated for the perusal of the elegant, the cultivated, and the learned. The song of the Bard, in the days of our savage an-

* Georgicon, lib. 11.

cestors, might have kindled a tempest in the souls of the hearers; but the *Ænied*, in the Court of Augustus, could not give that turbulent summons to the passions. It was at best but the harmless flourish of the Poet, which he knew Augustus would approve, if he noticed. Virgil unfolds the stern justice of Brutus with every introductory term which can blend his situation and character into one point of effect—*animamque superbam ultoris Bruti*.

Confulis imperium hic primus sævasque secures
 Accipiet: natosque pater, nova bella moventes,
 Ad pœnam pulchrâ pro libertate vocabit
 Infelix! Ut cumque ferent ea facta minores,
 Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido,

Here we see the inflexible judge ordering the *sævas secures* to strike his rebellious sons:—the voice of nature in vain whispered in his breast, the love of his country, endangered by his revolted children, predominated; and—*laudum immensa cupido*—the desire, the passion for fame, on account of having made such sacrifices to the laws of his country, had according to the poet its influence. Virgil showed that he was not ignorant of the secret springs which move the greatest actions of men. The spirit of the passage is not meant as a florid compliment to liberty: it is to hold out an exemplary lesson of justice, that he, who violates the laws of his country, as the sons of Brutus did, should fall beneath their rigour; that

that the judge should preponderate even against the parent—and that to execute in justice those laws is to evince the *amor patriæ* of Brutus. He who loves his country will obey and not violate her laws—to be an enemy to our country is to oppose them.

It is not, Sir, without a bound that a man can pass from one subject in your pamphlet to another. There is no continued orderly gradation, but you jerk out your opinions in a most *regular confusion* indeed. From Virgil you spring to rail at the inefficacious consequences of attending schools and colleges, and lament that sentiments of ancient democracy take so feeble a hold of the passions or the understanding.

Nothing is extraordinary now-a-days, or we may well signify our astonishment at this canting praise on the democracies of antiquity. As subjects of imitation, nothing can be more unhappily adduced. The history of them unfolds one motly surface of treachery and destruction to their neighbours—of insolence, turbulence, bloodshed and revolutions among themselves—and of ingratitude of the basest nature, banishment and death to their greatest and their best men. For my proofs I refer you, Sir, to your Thucydides.

If the sentiments of Demosthenes, uttered in the impetuous energy and might of an inspiring and

D

controuling

controuling oratory, be found to possess sentiments of freedom, there is no inference worth the trouble of induction to be drawn from them. Occasions produced them, and gave them their noblest value. Like ourselves, the Athenians had a powerful enemy *at the gates, and traitors within the walls*. The arms of Philip menaced their liberties, and smooth-faced hypocrisy, undermining the public sentiments by specious insinuations, would persuade them of the inglorious and hopeless issue of a war, to which even Demosthenes could hardly excite them. There is some advantage to be drawn between states similarly circumstanced; but no solid acquisitions can be amassed by the judgment, whatever pleasures may accrue to taste, from the perusal and contemplation of loose sentiments, considered apart from circumstances.

Darting from ancient democracy you pounce upon Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, and after *just intimating* your opinion of the former in a very moderate charge of *obdurate insolence*, you affix to the latter in the old cant all the slaughters and ruin of France, and then with a perturbed and puzzled eye, you take a dizzy glance at the war and its consequences past, present, and to come. You ride Medea's dragons, Sir, when you wish to make your way, through many subjects—or in the mad heroics of TILBURINA you may be said to be here, there, every where, and no where.

The

The rhapsodical declamatory looseness with which you inveigh against the war, and the little historical proëmium you have given to this capricio of indignation, demand but very few words of replication. A very material qualification is wanting in this hasty statement in which your passions have assumed the dominion of your reason. You have not been informed of the genuine obvious grounds of the war; of the unavoidable overbearing necessity which compelled this nation into a war with France. I cannot think so hardly of you as to suppose that your declarations and your private opinion are at variance. I therefore must take it for granted, that you are unacquainted with the actual grounds of this momentous contest. You bewail after a very slovenly mode of compassion all the horrors of war; though, while you whine out those coarse sorrows, you have not discretion enough to preserve your pity unsuspected. *You exult in the successes of the French, and the disgrace of their insolent and odious foes, with a keenness of transport not to be described.* It is happy for you, Sir, that his trifling subject of war furnishes you with some motives of joy; but it is happier for you that you live in a country whose benignant freedom allows a perverted mind to utter such despicable transports without feeling the rough lash of punishment. The joy which moves upon so unnatural a hinge must arise from a distorted mind, or a depraved temper. A mind blunt to national glory, —indifferent to miscarriages but to rejoice, and to

successes but to mourn—is one of those perversions and obliquities which have hitherto been scarce in the world. There are indeed in this country *a nest of hollow bosoms*, Sir, who perhaps do sometimes indulge in those inverted feelings. The motives being so wide of the natural order of things, it would be useless to inquire after, and unprofitable to discover them. I rejoice, for my own part, that I cannot add to your *keenness of transport*, you gentle advocate for human peace, who could pronounce the sentence of the Jewish Captain over the death baptism of your country!! The Roman poet had very, very different notions of his duty to his country—that grand and paramount obligation, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!* was the sentiment of Horace, not Gilbert Wakefield.

Having fallen in with the old stale shout of reproach and falsehood, you have brought to the crowd who ascribe the war to his Majesty's ministers the accession of your voice, without inquiring how it was bestowed, or with what justice it was given. It is almost trite to say, that a war with France was inevitable; however it was to be lamented. The speculations of all the factions, tyrants, and demagogues in Paris, of those in power and out of power in the country and abroad, were all involved to certain views of advantage in promoting a war with Great Britain. Every thing tended that way for some time previous to the declaration of hostilities by France, and all parties

parties there concurred in the measure. There was no alleged wrong, no specified insult, no restitution for territorial encroachment demanded—but war was declared by France regardless of justice as well as events, because every faction deemed it necessary to its own prosperity. All the estimable and wholesome compounds in the state of society, were thrown out as useless flaunting weeds indecorous to the condition of man. Proscriptions and murders were perpetrated upon an enormous scale of enlarged and magnified cruelty. Splendid cities smoked in ruins; villages and districts were laid waste; those whom the guillotine spared were sent to be slaughtered on the frontiers; the comforts of life were put under interdiction; and all was uproar, poverty, exile, and havoc. A decree of the Convention was necessary, not only in the concerns of this life but in those of the future. Death was voted a sleep, and the existence of the Deity hung upon the votes of a band of murderers. To this precious state of modern freedom all Europe was to be fraternized; and had it not been for the magnanimous interference of Great Britain to save Europe from the general wreck, this country and many others would long ago have emulated France in the philosophy of republican perfection. *Dii talem terris avertite pestem.* In no period of our history has the conduct of the government been characterized with more steadiness, vigour, perseverance, and public advantage. A host of allies have deserted the common cause of Europe, and purchased by an inglorious peace

peace a dubious security, more dangerous and dishonourable than almost any event of war. Others have wavered in their accessions. The mind of the minister alone—great, animating, and comprehensive, invigorated the trembling councils of meditated abject desertion. To procure a speedy and honourable peace, a decisive prosecution of the war was a radical cause—and had the coalesced forces of Europe held together according as their glory and their interest dictated, and their pledged faith promised, the crisis of terminating the meditated rapine of all states and nations would be nearer at hand. But some fell off. This great man met that necessity with reanimated efforts; and the loss of inefficient friends he outbalanced with the acquirements of the most important conquests. Never was a station more eminently arduous, or more ably filled. Amid a tempestuous period, in which our own and the fate of all Europe is involved; in which the contest is not for a distant island, or a right to traffic, but whether we shall be a great, powerful, civilized empire, enjoying the venerable moral freedom bequeathed to us by our ancestors; or a lawless, poor, disorderly mob of sanguinary vagabonds, divided into little bands of plunderers, contending among ourselves for all the windfalls to be picked up in a wreck of religion, property, and civil order—in a period like this, when a sweeping pestilence destroyed our armies in the West Indies, and treason and insurrection *crescive*, very *crescive* in its faculty, stalked barefaced at home, when a scarcity

scarcity aggravated the sufferings and disturbed the minds of the lower ranks of the people ; in this most dispiriting day, the minister stood *fortis et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus*, collected and great, investigating causes, repairing disasters, and preventing evils. His great mind was the very anchor of the empire : the dangers were as novel as the mischiefs were enormous : the precedents of former times could not furnish guidances to steer him thro' so boisterous and un-navigable a course : the attitude of every thing was new, monstrous, and terrifying. Yet, through all those perils, under his wisdom, vigilance, foresight, and virtue, we sail upon an even keel. The storm is drawing off apace, and fairer skies are opening to us, which promise wealth and honour, peace and happiness. A gallant and invincible navy, efficiently superiour to that of all Europe, protects us in all the securities of peace. All India confesses British supremacy, and pours out her tributary treasures. The spice trade in our hands ; the Cape of Good Hope fortified and secured to us ; the treasures of Dutch industry in our ports and funds ; commerce extended over the habitable globe ; arts and manufactures progressive at home,—Great Britain wears the blush of happiness diffusive and general, and tinged only with the small and transitory blemish of scarcity, which no human wisdom could avert : This the Author of Man has willed, and we must only bend in humble satisfied resignation.

Our hopes of peace and our sureties of happiness consist primarily in unanimity at home. United, we shall be invincible. Our physical power, as a nation, is immense, in its most moderate exertion. France without colonies, commerce, ships, arts, or revenues; her domestic peace utterly destroyed; all her towns dismantled, and the finest of these a heap of ruins; she now feels the languor of overstrained exertion, and, mitigated by misfortune, seems to gravitate to settled order. Hapless and miserable country! what do you owe to your legislators! The picture drawn two hundred years ago by our immortal Poet, has now a melancholy propriety in application:—

—Her husbandry doth lie in heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned, dies: her hedges even pluck'd,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

Put forth disordered twigs; her fallow leas

The darnel hemlock and rank fumitory

Doth root upon; while the coulter rusts,

That should deracinate such savag'ry.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth;

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover;

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs;

Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

(Defective in their natures,) grow to wildness,

Even

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow like savages.

If to save his country from revolutionary blood be degeneracy, if to extend her empire and promote her commerce be degeneracy, then indeed, Sir, you may well exclaim *degenerate son of Chatham*. We have only to allow you your favourite circumstances of inverting meaning and confounding sense, and then your notions and terms will acquire an adventitious signification. You, who have ventured to think for Homer, may indeed, with very abated presumption, undertake to answer for the acquiescence of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale to Mr. Burke's pension, if the manner of bestowing it had been altered. Then it is not to the *thing*, but to the *manner* of bestowing it, to which you think the squeamish patriotism of these noble persons would object. You really, Sir, are very much the dupe of your zeal, to say nothing worse on the matter. “ *Had the ministers, or any set*
 “ *of men, come forward to the Parliament and the*
 “ *Public, in a tone frank, and manly, and explicit,*
 “ *with a proposal of public remuneration to the merits*
 “ *of so great a man,*” then truly there would have been no murmurings or motions made. So then all the services of a great man cannot screen him from persecution, because he received the gracious favours of his Majesty in one manner, which the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale wished he should

accept of in another. Do you seriously mean to recommend after this way the conduct of those noble persons to public excuse?—for approbation is out of the question. Really your praise is so very equivocal, that it may be fairly asked, whether you speak thro' love or spite? The atchievements of those noble personages do not appear with any exalted claims even to respect, by the way in which they have unfortunately incurred your approbation. These *fortunati ambo!* the Nisus and Euryalus of your page, owe but little gratitude to your promises of immortality. The noble Earl will be the artificer of his own renown. Another work of equal obscurity with the last would render him for ever famous among the sons of men. Through the tough texture of his words, no glimpse of struggling meaning could ever force its way; an ingenious medley of worlds, a strenuous barbarity of style, and a scrupulous concealment of signification, have raised to a high fame the author of the Address to the Peers of Scotland.

So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue;
And loud withal.

His Grace is yet a young man; and in time he may be as illustrious for other things, as he is now for high birth and splendid fortune: watered with all the new dews of panegyric, he will continue the same opening flower of hope.

Quem

Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber :
Multi illum pueri, *multæ optavere puellæ.*

In the opinion of every thinking man, these high-born demagogues of Palace Yard have indeed descended from the exalted elevation of their characters. They have acted wrong,—dangerously, unpardonably wrong ; let the incentives to their conduct be what they may. In the little domestic orbits in which we move, the errors and feverish fits of nature will sometimes impel us into eccentricities : we oftentimes distort the ellipsis a little, but then our rotations are generally performed. We revolve round our own axis, and our obliquities may escape the inspection of the moral surveyor : but, when we enlarge our sphere of action, when we force ourselves into more extended systems, and, comet-like, dart with a long tail of terror, astonishing the gaze of mortals, we are likely to lose ourselves in the immensity of the unprescribed range which we take, or to realise those alarms which perhaps the vanities of showing terrible things first urged us to excite. In private life, we, for the most part, act as mere men ; in public, we must, if we act, be considered in our relative duties as citizens. When men undertake to embody as it were, the public mind ; to instruct and to guide it, thus compacted and condensed ; they undertake a very serious and dangerous labour.—The instrument is indeed powerful, and not always manageable.—Accessions of numbers are often made, without any ad-

additional enlargement to the stock of wisdom : bad passions are the easiest excited, and the most difficult to suppress. All minds are not alike impressed by the most obvious truths ; and whenever the best become heated by visionary wrongs which they do not feel and projects which they do not understand, it is not easy to say how soon and to what extent the passions may begin to kindle and domineer. A mob, darkened and savage, raving for objects seen indistinctly, and which, if they acquired, they would neither recognise or understand ; indeterminate and violent ; met they know not why, and going they know not whither :—this formidable evil to every regulated state is, in my mind, what neither a good man or a good citizen would wish to arouse upon any pretences of redress or excuses of reform :

Even as a little snow tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain,—

Its accumulation and its dangers bear proportionate relations. Every floating rumour is stopped on its way, and thrown into the general stock of uproar ; every whisper is a sanction to act, and every specious rant is authority for its deeds. Reason cannot calm this preturbed chaos,—she is stifled by numbers, and is most convincing when least disturbed in bestowing her precepts : but passions kindle by contact, and flame by communication.

He

He is indeed a very bad disciple in the moral school, and not only unfit for the guidance of others, but even of himself, who cannot in his public undertakings estimate with a certain sort of probable precision the consequences, *particular* and *general*, of his conduct. Those gentlemen, who take such unworthy means of thus *enseoffing themselves to popularity*, should be first instructed by Mr. PALEY. When they decry the government, and revile the laws made under the pressure of expediency, they prove, by such very deeds, the necessity of those very laws which they protest against and strive to render unpopular. A ragged rabble of the idle and the dissolute make a very unseemly public council for peers of this realm. It may be a gratifying triumph to garrulous vanity, to harangue where there is no competition to be feared, and to declaim where there is no respondent to be dreaded. But this is very idle work, in truth: if meant as a pastime, it is foolish,—if meant to render the government unpopular, it is wicked. For my part, Sir, I credit no man's words, when his actions are repugnant to them. *Quid verba audiam cum facta videam? Res loquitur ipsa: quæ semper valet plurimum.* I shall never believe that man to be a patriot, who, while the blood and treasures of his country are streaming in the cause of laws, religion, and social freedom,—nay, upon the issue of which it depends whether that country shall exist, or no—I shall never think that man to be any other than a factious party man, who, in such a trying case, would

would manacle those hands that guide the power and valour of the empire. Whatever may be his notions of men or their measures,—whether the one be not as wise, or the other as expedient as his mind would prefer ; yet, if he does not sacrifice all little differing modifications of the same subject, to the furtherance of the great cause in hand ;—such a man (let his cant be ever so specious, plausible, or florid,) does not love his country. Much evil, Sir, has arisen from those *improvisatori* haranguers. The standing theme is the abuse of government ; and the effect of such declamations, if not stopped in time, would be to endanger if not to subvert that government. The progress of invective in unenlightened minds, when it flows from men of rank and talents, and is therefore accredited, is to loosen their respect from the object of abuse ; and, in understandings so qualified, the end of respect is often the beginning of hostility. Argument, in such cases, cannot heal the stabs of ridicule.

It is a great vice, Sir, to do any unnecessary unsolicited public act, which may by possibility lead the unthinking into crimes. The noble subjects of your unfortunate praise, I believe, deprecated in their souls the late outrage upon majesty : I trust it has cured them of instructing mobs in the theories or practices of government. But there are other and ignoble demagogues, to whose fermenting precepts such hellish atrocities may be referred, as emanating
from

from the essence and marrow of their principles. God help the noble persons to whom you have applied the manly apostrophe of VIRGIL, had his Majesty fallen a victim to the enormous crimes meditated against him!—they would have been but straws in the elephants path. In that scene of woe and slaughter, I know not which of the magnanimous pair would have emulated NISUS, and, innocent himself, plead guilty to save his friend.

Me me adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum
O Rutuli. Mea fraus omnis : nihil iste nec ausus
Nec potuit.

I am doomed to differ from you, Sir, in the general tenour of your sentiments. I do not think that “*the head or the heart*” of Mr. Burke are affected by your conception of his letter to the Duke of Bedford. Wishing to estimate his Grace’s feelings with all due respect for their sensibility, I cannot help shrewdly suspecting that his attack on Mr. Burke’s pension has terminated not so much to his reputation or repose as some men led him to expect. There was no generosity in such a conduct. It was done out of the pure spirit of party resentment. But Mr. Burke has avenged himself, in all the power of wit, and the pride of injured genius. I believe his Grace has found that *’tis safer playing with a lion’s whelp, than with an old one dying.*

You

You, and all the phalanx of revilers, have with equal ingenuity and success endeavoured to distort the comparison out of all parallel between gifts from the bounty of the crown made at different periods. Mr. Burke has reduced that matter to a statement as simple as just.—*The Duke of Bedford is a young man with old pensions, and I am an old man with a new pension.*—But the truth is; that you are more earnest in complimenting his Grace than in defending him. You chirp your little song of praise, and that you think is enough to exempt you from the labour of thinking. I have been told, (I know not by whom), that P^SA-PHON kept singing birds to celebrate him—all day long they sang *μῆγας θεος ψαφον*. I suppose his Grace has no objection to listen to his aviary.

In affixing the measure of another man's fortune, you show indeed a very philosophical spirit of moderation. You do not reprove wealth and luxury like MENEDEMUS of old, by *eating your olives*, but by wondering, in a very scholar-like turn of surprise, how a man of letters could require so large a sum! But after all, Mr. Wakefield, do you not think that a philosopher and a man of letters is as likely to use the gifts of fortune as benevolently, and as liberally, and as usefully, as any other kind of man? I know of no modern stoicism which preaches the rejection of fortune's favours; and I am perhaps singular in the notion, but I really cannot help supposing that a man does not so much “disgrace himself and the cause of letters”

letters" by accepting the liberality of a bountiful Prince, as by the *misuse* of that redundancy over the claims of his wants, which he owes to the gracious bounty of the donor. There is no indelible dishonour in this transaction—do not bewail yourself, Sir, so sorrowfully, but learn to bear Mr. Burke's *misfortunes* with Christian fortitude. The "*benevolence of a gracious king cannot confer ignominy on Mr. Burke.*" Benevolence may be but an insignificant virtue in the moral theories of some philosophers of our time—nevertheless it is a good wear-and-tear practical quality, which was never coupled with ignominy until you yoked them together. The bounty of Royal benevolence has been in your mind too exuberant; and you very liberally apportion its overflowings to the maintenance of many students—this is an admirable expedient, Sir; it proves a fine genius in disposing of overgrown wealth, and a great depth of thought. I trust the vast and enormous redundance springing from the wealth and economy of his Grace of Bloomsbury, may, according to your projects, be spared by its noble proprietor; and animated by the fulness of your funds, that you may proceed to endow large and ample foundations for Halls, Colleges, and Universities, in which *the sequestered and antiquated students* may be *affluently rich and happy, to the fullest extension of their desires.*"

Those ingenious appropriations of inordinate wealth are speculations of a very harmless cast. I

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should have few objections to make to your opinions if they were all of as innoxious a hue ; but I cannot find myself guilty of the like easy compliances, when you say, that “ *a refuge will and must be sought in the regular process of physical events, from the pressure of insupportable calamity, either in the fiery ordeal of revolution, or the hideous jaws of devouring despotism.*” Those troubled visions exist but in your brain, or in the brains of those who have been misled by exaggerated statements of hyperbolical calamity. Your sorrow is only one of the notes upon the ascending scale of the gamut of political lamentation, which has been puffed for a century. We never want a few gloomy-head prophets to croak despair and ruin, and predict bankruptcy and slaughter. The pamphlets written fifty years ago have in the instance of lamentation and dismal prediction all the accommodation of Bayes’s prologue—they will suit all times, seasons, disasters, and wars. But no Whig or Tory could ever sound the note of saddening prediction with half the vigour of a modern Jacobin.

You are doomed, Sir, by some left-handed fatality to have the same incongruous competition between your joy and sorrow, which so eminently prevails between your praise and reproach. Your mind broods over “ *the whole fabric of national existence in carnage and desolation,*” with I must say a very suspicious sort of concern ; and seeing things in this train of ruin, you reduce us in a very composed manner

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ner to the alternative of revolution or despotism. This word revolution is now "*as odious as the word* "*occupy*; *which was an excellent good word before* "*it was ill sorted.*" However, Sir, a few revolutionary glimpses illuminating the gloom, comfort you much beyond the necessities of your feelings; and perfectly easy upon the score of despotism from which nothing can be apprehended on account of "*the actual state of intellectual advancement among* "*mankind,*" you solace yourself with the perspective of the opposite excess.

For a gentleman of your enormous humanity, who bewails all wars against the enemies of our country, you survey a civil war not preferable to the other in any thing that I can perceive, with a very steady unruffled countenance. You say with considerable perspicacity of judgment, "to expect a well regulated political œconomy without violence, without bloodshed," is unphilosophical and inconsequent, a solecism in political reasoning. And yet, most humane Sir, this violence and bloodshed is the precious remedy which you so joyously discover as the sovereign balm for our sores and bruises. The soft mild medicament of revolution is to be the panacea for all our diseases.

In this bloody remedy for the hypochondriacal ailments of the state, you seem to require no consultation, but to prescribe with the presumption of a

quack. It is true, that as the evil is imaginary, you may be allowed some latitude in the nature and preparation of your doses ; but as a patient is as necessary to the physician as his services again are to the patient, I do not think it very likely that you will immediately get into a very busy course of practice. It is astonishing with what facility gentlemen of your philosophical disposition reconcile occurrences to themselves, which would sink less heroic tempers into passiveness and despair. Not finding any positive reality in all your prophecy and desire, you resort to a fine arbitrary sort of consolation, and calm your disappointments with the pomp of a vision. You have a fine eye for a vision—it rolls in the necessary phrensy for creation. “ I see that vast formidable empire, “ descending, like the Nile, from the mountains of “ *Æthiopia*, circling with *its* (a bad personification) “ liquid arms the gay fabrics and the spacious deserts of monarchy, aristocracy, and ecclesiastical “ usurpation. I see that deluge of mighty waters “ gradually subside into their wonted channel : I see “ them flow with a majestic tranquillity to the “ ocean, and all the traces of their former ravages “ obliterated by one extensive and expanding paradise of verdure, fertility, and beauty.” ALADDIN’S wonderful lamp is but the little rush-light of threadbare unfanciful reality, compared to a well-mounted pair of French spectacles, furnished with those subsidiary magnifiers. You can see the formidable empire of France rushing, like the Nile in a flood,
upon

upon all the states in Europe, and then retire, leaving all the nations the richer for the slime and mud she left behind her. This, Sir, is a good republican sort of fancy enough; it has all the grand characteristic traits of destruction. It does not profess the vapid moderation which marks men of stunted hopes and narrow expectations; but France "*circling with her liquid arms,*" and giving all Europe the fraternal hug, must be allowed to be a rich and luxuriant phantasy. Your vision does not provide for the contracted concern of our comforts under this magnificent deluge. Perhaps, like the deluge of yore, we should have a Deucalion and a Pyrrha spared to tell the tale of our former greatness; and there cannot be any question but that in two or three centuries after, the people of England would be materially benefited by this swamped and saturated death of their ancestors.

"As for our author's "*sanctuary of the tomb,*" and his "*immunities of the dead,*" &c. these are the canting whimsies of a wild and gloomy imagination; the hypertragical whinings of puerile superstition; the doatings of the nurse, and the bugbears of the infant."

This is an insensible rant, uttered with a most ruthless indifference to that solemn abode of our ancestors, unbecoming any man, and more than any other man, he who has learned the civilised reverence of antiquity for the ashes of our kindred.—

Who would not tread upon the dust of departed friends with a tender and a feeling step? The awful deposit of all that we held reverent and dear, chills us with monitory tremblings, and reminds us of the last close of mortal misery; of pining poverty and gorged satiety. Those who are gone before us preserve, by a tender mediation, the link between the two stages of mortal and immortal life. We look upon the tomb as the resting place on the dubious journey to future life. The pangs of pain are assuaged, and the grasp of death softened, by the reflection, that our ashes will be looked upon with a pious care; and the last aim of our pride is, that the *frail memorial* which tells where our bodies moulder, may serve to resuscitate in the memory of those we leave behind us, the pleasing pensiveness of past times.

“ Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries.”

“ Even in our ashes live their wonted fires,”

There is something gross, savage, and ferocious in rifling and dishonouring the dead. None but sordid and abject barbarians, without religion, honour, or generous pride, could perpetrate so unmanly an outrage. The curse of Shakspeare is upon the hardened spoiler, who, possessing nothing here, and blindly indifferent to hereafter, could disturb the sacred ashes of the dead. It must be a heart sophisticated of its soft, natural impulses, and cased with the adamant of the new philosophy, that would not be moved

moved to indignation at those unhallowed profanations of the tomb. In all ages of the world, and in all countries of the globe, the ashes of the dead are not only spared, but protected with something of a filial superstition. In such a reverence were the ceremony of sepulture and the preservation of the tomb held among the ancients, that in the piety of their imaginations, they were disturbed with the fears that the shade of their unburied kindred could not be admitted into Charon's boat until they had performed all the rights of burial to their bones.

*Hæc omnis quam cernis inops inhumataque turba est ;
Portitor ille Charon : Hi quos vehit unda sepulti—&c.*

Observe, Sir, with what care the funeral rites of Misenus were performed by his Trojan friends.

*Nec minus interea misenum in litore Teucri
Flebant, et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant.
Principio pinguem tœdis & robore secto
Ingentem struxere pyram : cui frondibus atris
In texunt latera, & ferales ante cupressos
Constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis
Pars calidos latices & aëna undantia flammis
Expediunt, corpus que lavant frigentis & ungunt.
Fit gemitus. Tum membra toto desleta reponunt,
Purpureasque super vestes velamina nota
Conjiciunt, pars ingenti subiere feretro,
Triste ministerium & subjectam more parentum
Aversi tenuere facem. Congesta cremantur.
Thurea dona, dapes fuso crateres olivo,*

Postquam collapsi cineres & flamma quievit ;
 Reliquias vino & bibulam lavere favillam :
 Ossa que lecta cado texit Corynæus aëno.
 Idem ter socios purâ circumtulet unda,
 Spargens rore levi & ramo felicitis olive :
 Lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba.
 At Pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
 Imponit, sua que arma viro, remumque tubamque,
 Monte sub aërio : qui nunc Misenus ab illo
 Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen.

All the address of Palinurus to Æneas is to the same tendency, and urged with the most passionate eagerness. It is true, Sir, that the arms and the trumpet of Misenus were not put into a state of requisition by the pious Æneas ; your democratic Virgil has very heedlessly omitted that part of the narration, and told with a poet's tenderness the reverential rights paid to the honoured dead,

Even our barbarous ancestors of the German forests could not contemplate their dead without the emotions of nature. The vigorous pen of the inimitable Tacitus describes their affections in a short sentence. *Femineis lugere honestum est ; viris meminisse.*

The violent warp, which things have now got out of their natural propensity, cannot long exist—nature is so violated in such gross inconsiderateness, that she will certainly reassume her ancient dominion. She will

will not suffer a few shrievelled, stale, frigid conceits to rob her of her rights to humanize our feelings, and to soften our sentiments. She will not allow the philosophic imitators of TYLER, CADE, and STRAW, to innovate upon her immutable laws, and to vanquish her in her noblest work, the heart of man.

“ The doatings of the nurse, and the bugbears of “ the infant,” is not the construction which Mr. Burke’s eloquent denunciations on the despoilers of the dead should receive from a mind which had *fideliter* learned the *ingenuas artes*. That he should have considered the tomb with a sad fondness, is not indeed a matter of wonder to those who are not philosophised out of their natures ; it contained all his hopes and all his happiness on this side of eternity—a joyless, solitary, mourning old man, might have been allowed to dress with harmless ornaments the casket which held his treasures. Your mind, Sir, might have been at peace, perhaps—but your peace, nor the world’s tranquillity could not assuage the full throb of the parent’s heart, which swelled for such a loss.

Ἡδὲ σὺ μὲν πόρτος, σὺ γὰρ δ' ἄστρα
 Ἀδ' ἴμα δ' σὺ γὰρ σαρπυρ ἔντοθεν αἰνία.

THEOCRITUS.

In a very moving exclamatory tone, you pour forth the zeal of your doctrines, and the resentment
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of your prejudices. Animated by your passions you spurn at the inglorious necessity of attacking a single enemy, and in all the *magnanimity of resolve* you brandish the sword of DRAWCANSIR, and would demolish *royalty, nobility, and the sable successors of the order of Melchisedec,*" at one fell swoop.

" Alas ! the extravagant rampancy of haughty rulers, is but too apt to regard the mass of mankind as beasts of burden, brought into the world with bridles in their mouths, and saddles on their backs, ready to be ridden with whip and spur by the nurslings of royalty, the descendants of nobility, and the sable successors of the order of Melchisedec !"

The light in which you consider royalty is so palpably discernible through the whole course of your sentiments, that no industry can make it more evident. It appears by a manner of implication as unambiguous in its nature, as direct assertions. What royalty is, or what it is not, may make a notable sort of discussion between men who care not about what they differ ; but for my part I have always considered those *nurslings of royalty* as fashioned of human materials, as likely to grow into virtue and manhood as the nurslings of democracy at least, with more extensive spheres of action to do good, and with fewer opportunities of personal disgrace and vice than other men. They are placed in a high point of culmination,

mination, where any obliquity in their ray is felt and reproved, not by classes or sects, but by a nation, and sometimes the world. In the more sequestered shades of life a vicious current may glide in occult wickedness, polluting and contaminating by example and action; but in the broad openness of royal exposition, any deviations from the true course are sure to be detected, and impeded by opinion. Kings, when they err, are not chastised by the common measure of punishment, which is oftentimes more than commensurate with the greatness of their transgressions. The portion of vice or criminality in others is ascertained in the balance of justice; but with them no procedure sanctioned by justice is observed, because the punishment is dealt in passion which regards neither principles, judgment, nor mercy. Kings, delinquent against the laws which give them existence, are dealt with not after ordinary proceedings—they have a mad nation for their judges and executioners; they are hurled to destruction and death here, and find pity only in the breasts of unimpassioned posterity. Happy is that land, and that land is Great Britain, where the duties and boundaries of authority are penciled out by freedom, and traced with a bolder stamp by laws—by plain, clear, irrefragable laws, determining every thing for King and people, and leaving nothing to be added by wild, irregular, disturbed-headed men. A gracious and easy line of demarcation describes all the natural flowings in the indentations and projections of regulated civil power. Every district
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of authority has its colour and its extent prescribed. Nothing is left to chance. All is determinate. The people claim protection and the execution of the laws, the grand and solemn bequest of their ancestors, as their right; and the King claims their obedience and duty, according to those laws, as his right. The grounds are the same, the rights reciprocal, and the duties mutual. Heirs, with respect to their forefathers, and possessing every possible claim to usufructuary benefits, the people are bound to transmit the possession without dilapidation or waste, perfect and entire to their posterity. They may improve, but they cannot spoil. The continuous uses of British liberty cannot be altered by those who possess it *in trust* for posterity. They have a life interest in the commonwealth, which they cannot enlarge upon any principles of light, airy, speculative interest.

The descendants of nobility, Sir, whom you so very *consistently* place among the riders and jockies of mankind, even while you profess to defend some individuals of their order, these have furnished a very copious theme for the animadversions of the new philosophy. Having booted and spurred them—not for Hyde-Park, but to ride in the death-procession of a revolution pageant, you have great reason to congratulate yourself in the implicated sentence wrapped up in your apostrophe. You specify by implication their crime; and, as with your sect accusation and punishment stalk hand in hand, you leave
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open to some more active spirit the meed of destruction.

I have ever thought that sentiments of exaltation, and the desire of honourable distinction were among the most ruling and the most decorous instincts with which nature has ornamented our dispositions. In the most artless stages of unaccommodated life, long before the adjustments of civil policy had constrained men into disciplined society, we find those sentiments rule with a most powerful sway. They inspire men, because it is natural they should. The mellowed condition of cultivated polity has rendered honour and rank an integral part of society, and an encouraging allurements to ability and virtue. The nobles of a state are as natural a part of society as the people—they are both inherent properties in the social mass; they are as old as the thing itself. They are the production of its genuine essence and spirit operating according to nature. In the most naked condition of savage man, where the unsophisticated propensities of the heart can be most legibly read, distinction of rank is a passion, and to govern and lead the little tribes of the desert is an object of natural ambition. The thing is the same everywhere, the principle works alike in all subjects, however variegated the shades of its production may be, however tinged with tenets of religion, or coloured by modes of policy. Nobility is not a mushroom principle superinduced on states in their declining period.

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It is a very germ of associated man, which though it may be rooted up here, and cut down there, nevertheless cannot be extirpated ; it will escape the hoe and the knife. The very storm in which it is to be rooted up, will blow its seeds beyond disturbance ; they will sprout up again in the first season of tranquillity ; and in truth, *goodman delver*, you must at last leave the thing pretty much as you found it.

But the fable descendents of Melchisedec—What, they are man-riders too? These, Sir, are fine game for philosophic sportmen. What a noble academy for fans-culottism may be instituted out of the revenues of the church ! Those revenues I can well perceive are among the first fiscal projects of the theoretical financiers. Men who decry all religions want no preachers in any. The new philosophers have found the world learned and enlightened : but how it came to be so, is below the magnanimous soarings of their speculations. Neither looking behind them, nor before them, and fascinated to idolatry with the charms of the present moment, it is not to be expected that they would take a long retrospective look over ages of barbarity, ignorance, and *chivalry*, to search for occasions of gratitude towards the fosterers, protectors, and restorers of letters in the western world. It is nothing to them whether a poor man can be instructed in the precepts of a religion, the professors of which set apart from all the other interests, pursuits, and advantages

vantages in life are maintained in a generous and honourable independence, by which they are the better enabled to fulfil the importance of their function *. They want a sacrilegious scramble, and are indifferent

* He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed, therefore, the state. He willed its connexion with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this his will, which is the law of laws, and the sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a seigniorial paramount, and I had almost said this oblation of the state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all public solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in music, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature; that is, with modest splendour, with unassuming state, with mild majesty, and sober pomp. For those purposes, they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the public ornament. It is the public consolation. It nourishes the public hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals, at every moment, make the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrade and vilify his condition. It is for the man in humble life; and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of the state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified.—*Reflections on the French Revolution*, page 146.

The English people are satisfied, that to the great, the consolations of religion are as necessary as its instructions. They too are among

indifferent about what those may require, whose minds are not yet emancipated from *old prejudices*. They would apportion the spoils, regardless of the consequences

among the unhappy. They feel personal pain and domestic sorrow. In these, they have no privilege, but are subject to pay their full contingent to the contributions levied on mortality. They want this sovereign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties, which, being less conversant about the limited wants of animal life, range without limit, and are diversified by infinite combinations in the wild and unbounded regions of imagination. Some charitable dole is wanting to these, our often very unhappy brethren, to fill the gloomy void that reigns in minds which have nothing on earth to hope or fear; something to relieve in the killing languor and over-laboured lassitude of those who have nothing to do; something to excite an appetite to existence in the palled satiety which attend on all pleasures which may be bought, where nature is not left to her own process, where even desire is anticipated, and therefore fruition defeated by meditated schemes and contrivances of delight; and no interval, no obstacle is opposed between the wish and the accomplishment.

The people of England know how little influence the teachers of religion are likely to have with the wealthy and powerful of long standing, and how much less with the newly fortunate, if they appear in a manner no way assorted to those with whom they must associate, and over whom they must even exercise, in some cases, something like authority. Our provident constitution has therefore taken care that those who are to instruct presumptuary ignorance, those who are to be censors over insolent vice, should neither incur their contempt, nor live upon their alms; nor will it tempt the rich to a neglect of the true medicine of their minds. For these reasons, whilst we provide first for the poor, and with a parental solicitude, we have not relegated religion (like something

consequences of spoliation. They would keep men so busy in this world, that like ALPHONSO, they should have no leisure to trouble their heads about heaven.

Yes, but the property of the church is extensive, and partially distributed; men of genius and virtue languish in obscurity and poverty, who though they perform all the offices of their situation, are nevertheless inadequately rewarded. Be it so. Inequality is the strong predominating feature in all the works of nature. The church has inequalities, and so has the bar, and

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we are ashamed to show) to obscure municipalities, or rustic villages. No! We will have her, to exalt her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments. We will have her mixed throughout the whole mass of life, and blended with all the classes of society. The people of England will show to the haughty potentates of the world, and to their talking sophisters, that a free, a generous, and informed nation, honours the high magistrates of its church; that it will not suffer the insolence of wealth and titles, or any other species of proud pretension, to look down with scorn upon what they look up to with reverence; nor presume to trample upon that acquired personal nobility, which they intend always to be, and which often is the fruit, not the reward (for what can be the reward?) of learning, piety, and virtue.

It is true, the whole church revenue is not always employed, and to every shilling, in charity; nor perhaps ought it; but something is generally so employed. It is better to cherish virtue and humanity by leaving much to free will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence. The world, on the whole, will gain by a liberty, without which virtue cannot exist.—*Ibid.*

the practitioners of physic are not equally rewarded. Whether the income be the precarious boon of public contrition or no, the inequality would be as great, if not greater; as there is a possibility that a man may not get either employment or reward, not to say any thing of other insuperable objections to rendering the clergy dependent. Every man of learning and virtue cannot be rewarded in the church, nor in any other of the liberal avocations. The upper dignataries of the church deserve their promotion for the most part as well as any other order of men. There are to be found among them men of learning and piety, exemplary manners, and consummate virtue; and such men must consequently be as eligible as any others, and their promotion is oftener the fruit of those qualities than otherwise. Our entrance into the liberal professions is commonly the result of choice, at least as to that particular pursuit among them which we prefer; and our predilection is for the most part the result of deliberations caused by our views of interest or ambition. Men who adopt a profession take it for better or worse, *with all its imperfections on its head*. They know that for the few who can succeed to reap all the harvest of wealth and dignity, many, very many, must toil and labour in perpetual exertion, for a niggardly and scanty support. They know that for the most part the outset of every undertaking is full of difficulties and disasters; and that the chance of surmounting them is at best but uncertain. If the vigour of life be flown before any, even merited success can

can crown the industrious fulfilment of necessary labours, surely such an event was to be apprehended before hand, and attaches no sort of reproach upon the profession in which the enterprize was made. I am far, very far indeed, from thinking that the humbler classes of the officiating clergy ought not to have their conditions mitigated, generously mitigated—but I perceive that the difficulty is in the very nature of things; that if preferment in the church was more attainable, and obtained with more facility, not only the temptations to probationary good conduct would be lessened, but that the very ease of acquisition would defeat the object proposed, and, by inducing more to flock in through the expectation of advantage, the number would be increased with the promises of success, and the end desired be perhaps more distant than ever. The clerical establishment, like every thing else, has its gradations and stages of preferment. If men were to step at once into the fullest extent of advantage, there would be nothing left to inspire emulation, and to invigorate hope. In the dull level plain of such equality, all would stagnate; there would be no prospective to awaken energy, and keep the spirit of action alive. Having filled the measure to the top, there would be wanting that incentive to engage in pursuits, which constitutes an indispensable and necessary ingredient in the cup of human happiness. There would be *less necessity* for that scrupulous observance of duty, which is always

the plea of merit, where any thing is to be sought within the preferment of our condition.

But it is the institution altogether which the new legislators would abolish ; the very notion of religion "*is but the doatings of the nurse, and the bugbears of the infant.*" To render men fore under the ills of life, and mad under mortal calamities, would be to take the balm of religion which preaches *patience and long suffering* , and tells us not to fix our hearts *upon the things of this world.* The religious man views the pride of wealth and the pomp of power without one envious emotion. His ambition is (and a noble ambition it is) to fulfil all his duties which he owes as a man, a subject, and a Christian. When the varied woes (but too numerous in the human lot !) invest him, he may suffer as a man, but he eventually triumphs as a Christian. His faith smoothes the asperities of this world ; his hope teaches him to look beyond it ; and his charity qualifies his claims upon the mercy of his maker. Would you take from man these consolations ? would you murder his peace here and hereafter ? would you convert his humility into arrogance, ; his charity into persecution ? in short, would you render him sordid, abject, barbarous, disobedient, riotous, turbulent, lawless, brutal, savage, and sanguinary ; only dismantle the temples of prayer, destroy the ministers of religion, and clap the scroll of the Rights of Man into his hand, and the work is most thoroughly completed.

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The only modest passage in your pamphlet is that in which you beg to be "*allowed to personate Herod*," and that is the only circumstance in which you need not have besought the privilege, but stood out boldly upon the merits of your pretensions. As a slayer of innocents, it must be among your own sect of politicians only, that you need apprehend competition for the throne of the Jewish King. This imaginary assumption of royal authority appears at first glance rather an incongruous desire of promotion in a professed republican; but it is a good blood-spilling situation, and its sanguinary graces may qualify the inconsistency. "*What a frightful contrast have we between Jesus of Nazareth and Edmund Burke!*" Really Mr. WAKEFIELD, I know but few men who could escape that comparison without a very deep shade of turpitude; but I know many, many men less able to bear that parallel, than the gentleman mentioned in your bloated exclamation. I cannot imagine that you yourself were very anxious about imitating that divine model, when you wrote that sentence. Your piety, in this instance, is of a very doubtful nature. I think it is St. Augustine who says "*Religionis summa est imitari quem cotes.*" You have not imitated Jesus of Nazareth.—I should be warranted, at least, in sound logic, in drawing a conclusion, which I shall withhold.

He must be a very great renegade to truth who would compliment you on the christian benignity

displayed in your mention of Mr. Wilberforce. This gentleman has undertaken to destroy the most systematic tissue of enormous criminality, in which multitudinous sorts of vice contend with each other for a mastery, that ever was yet held up for the abhorrence of mankind. His steady perseverance, his mild but manly virtues have brought before the justice of his country the disgraceful iniquity, which outraged every principle human and divine. There was such a complexity in this guilt, such a close-wrought, well blended texture of sturdy destruction in this fabric of abomination as would have discouraged a zeal less firmly founded in inherent virtue—yet he has persevered; and, may he live to enjoy the delight of thinking that he has been successful in so grand, so noble, and so sublime a triumph of humanity. The slave trade is, take it for all, in all the most comprehensive circle of well-stowed closely-packed infamy that ever roused the shame, repentance, and retribution of a nation. It is horrible in all stages, degrees and issues. It is begun in avarice; continued in tearing through every dear emotion of the heart; in dragging men from every generous charm in life, from all the sweets of kindred and the bonds of love, in wresting them from their country—never to return! in a noisome, loathsome, grinding captivity, (sad medicine! that the torture of the body should be all that can call the mind off from its agonies—that the galling of the chain should cheat the pangs of the heart!) shut out from the cheapest gift of nature—

free

free air—Among strangers pitiless to their sufferings—thus it is continued, and it ends in eternal exile, stripes, labour, and death! And for what? To indulge the palate of over-bloated swollen luxury!!!

Even the policy of this cursed traffic is questionable—but if it were not, and that even the worldly ruin of thousands awaited its abolition, it ought not—nay, it would be a crime, to delay it a moment.

And Mr. Wilberforce, Sir, the virtuous enthusiast, who meditated, and has, I trust, already moved from its security, this gigantic idol of vice to which avarice bowed—he, even he, is—not the advocate of the writhing, exiled poor African—but “ *a politico-theological Satyr!*”

That Jesus whose name you have prophaned by idle and irreverent uses, preached indeed peace among men. He commanded us *to do good to all men*, without estimating in the lovely morality of his gospel the roses and lillies of British beauty, or the honest dusk of the untutored African—He spoke of man in the vast comprehension of humanity. Of such and other precepts from the same divine source, I believe Mr. Wilberforce to be incomparatively a better practitioner than you are—and if he is “ *a politico-theological Satyr—whose God is Meloch—whose Christ is a fanatic juggler, whose faith is credulity, whose religion is a ceremonial of paltry services, and whose* morality

" *morality is a complication of all unrighteousness,*" if he is complimented with this flatulent farrago, because he has arrayed himself against the enemies of his country *internally* and *externally*, we all know from this circumstance how to estimate your religion as easily as your politics.

Had you inverted the order of your book, as you have the sense of most of which it contains, I should not have proceeded beyond this last mentioned rhapsody of political delirium. Strong symptoms announce the diseases of the mind as well as those of the body; and the nature of your doctrines as well as the temper with which they are used, no more indicate a proper equipoise in your intellectual temperament, than convulsions prove a vigorous state of the bodily frame. The indiscretion of your zeal has taken away the sting of your abuse. You strike at random. You wage war like a man on a forlorn hope; you are desirous to deal your blow before defeat reaches you; and always missing the right line of the object you wound yourself. You play with a two-edged weapon; and your own insecurity is increased, according to the fury with which you brandish it. You have charged Mr. Burke with a desertion from his political principles, which you have not undertaken to prove, and which if you had, you could not have established. Your accusations are irregular assertions, and your convictions are coarse reproaches. In every step you have made, you have trammelled yourself with contradictory

tradictory implications and hostile statements. An advocate for humanity, and the bawler of war, you found the trumpet of revolutionary uproar. The panegyrist of the Duke of Bedford, you discredit him. Suffer your friends, Sir, to remain unmolested; promote not their declension in the public judgment, by attempting to be their apologist. Your praise is fatal. If you would serve them, oppose them; for that will be at least harmless; and will afford them a negative triumph. Appealing to the holy author of our religion, you belie his precepts in the very appeal you make. You mention him but to make his name auxiliary to the reviling of another—The enemy of all religion could not act more insidiously.

I have more to say to your political principles than to those of any other nature: it was these alone which provoked such animadversions as I have made. A sense of their want of generosity and truth, where they were directed against individuals, and of their being extravagant, unqualified, and dangerous where they were generally used, has called forth the opposition which I have made against them. The private speculations of the contemplative student I shall never disturb, through any emotions of contempt or aversions to which they may give birth; but every promulgated opinion it is within the privilege of every man to discuss, if he will take the trouble.

I like

I like not the Vandalism which has so deeply tainted the opinions of the day. I dislike the ungenerous illiberal turn of sentiment which is endeavoured to be compounded in our habits of thinking; and I am hostile to that pert contempt for antiquity—for our own national antiquity, which is among the boast of our coxcomb Solons. The fastuous philosophers of the day decry whatever is not calculable according to their political arithmetic.—

Φρονεῖν γὰρ οὐ ταχέως οὐκ ἀσφαλές.

SOPH.

Sudden wisdom is not the safest; and antiquity has always something to reward attention. I believe most implicitly that the storm

—which has spoil'd the world's sweet peace!

is beginning to subside, and will soon be lulled into customary repose; but, until the horizon becomes clear, and our views unclouded, the frowns of the the tempest ought to be well marked, and every man owes as a duty his vigilance and his efforts, however humble, to the general service.

THOMAS TOWNSHEND.

[In the eighteenth line of the tenth page, the word *sanient* should be rendered *salutary*.]

LETTER II.

A LETTER

TO THE

HON. SOMERSET LOWRY CORRY.

&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

TO your excellent and candid disposition, the subject which I have introduced for discussion in the following pages, can afford but few emotions of pleasure. I am sure you will lament with me, that the contending sentiments of writers upon temporary subjects in political affairs, are now seldom urged with any other purpose, than to wound individual character, without illuminating or enforcing the contradictory principles in dispute. A coarse and almost savage personality has usurped the place of liberal argument and generous opposition. Spleen foured into malevolence, resentment pointed into malice, and vehement acrimonious invective as little qualified by decency as supported by truth, form but an uninviting subject of perusal to an open and ingenuous mind. Yet, Sir, of such a compound is the pamphlet

pamphlet of Mr. MILES: a most infixed principle of industrious enmity pervades every page of it. The circle in which the fury of the writer raves is capacious; but the zeal of his motives seems poignant enough to admit of a larger extension. In political obloquy the pamphlet of Mr. MILES on the subject of *A Letter addressed by Mr. Burke to a Noble Lord*, stands an unparalled *unique*. I should have been ashamed of myself, and suspected my nature to have been imperfectly constructed, if I could have read six pages of it without abhorrence.

A more timorous candidate for public notice would have weighed the disgraces of such a publication, even against the incitements of his disposition. The personal triumph of traducing, insulting, and injuring in his reputation an old man; one who had wasted a long and vigorous life in the noblest fulfilment of his duties to his country, which the most disinterested zeal united with the highest gifts of the understanding could complete—a man smoothening the slope of life in a harmless and peaceful retirement, and who has need of all the consolations of this world to soften the bitterest of human calamities—a triumph gained in the exacerbations of malevolence over such a man, is one of the most depraved desires which the lust of unrelenting enmity is capable of requiring.

But

But it is in the moral as in the physical world. Nature marks every deviation from her plain systems, with such explicit designation, that the very exercise of the evil becomes our safeguard, by the attention which it induces, and the caution which it excites. The moral imperfections of the heart cannot be exerted, without blending with the very act itself those traits by which the shades of vice and guilt are depicted, and which provoke in our breasts, at the instant of observation, an instinctive alarm or abhorrence.

Of Mr. MILES I have no knowledge. I have read and execrated his pamphlet: from that I must judge of him; by the evidences which it contains, and by the fair unforced construction of his sentiments. The general complexion of human failings and resentments are too powerless for such mighty exertions of malevolence. A constitutional bias of the author seems to preponderate throughout. There is *a mind* in it, a cast of deleterious thinking beyond the ordinary mischiefs of the mortal temper. Sometimes it rages with volcanic might, pouring a hot lava of reproach which scorches even the foul crater from whence it issues; and sometimes it stands in fullen meditated pestilence—like the deadly breathings of the Upas tree, which desolates all around it, and stands itself, amid the circle of its own destruction, a lonely, avoided, and abhorred principle of evil. Sometimes we see the angry ranting railer; and at other times
the

the corrosions of the *sedate thinking man*, whose black blood runs temperately bad.

A man unacquainted with public character would be tempted, from such a production, to imagine that the person who forms the subject of it was a being in the lowliest stage of moral declension. He would never be led to suppose that he was a man whose public services are considerable; whose exuberance of mind has enabled his country to dispute, successfully too, the palm of eloquence with the most brilliant productions of Greece and Rome; whose resources through life were rather competent than affluent; who was too humble for envy, and too high in the exaltation of his mind for competition; who, labouring under private afflictions in his retreat from the world, was deemed worthy of royal benevolence, at a time when his services could not be important enough to incur the suspicion of a bargain, and when something was wanting to gild the evening of a troublous life, agitated and disturbed in public avocations.

It is not, my dear Sir, very extraordinary, that men should differ about modifications of the same subject; or that they should disagree on points merely different—but that they should view the same thing *in opposite and contrary lights*, is perhaps not a little wonderful. My judgment, and that of Mr. MILES, are thus placed in the most distant extremities

mities of opinion with respect to Mr. BURKE. On this subject, in all points of opinion we are antipodes to each other. He considers him as a zealot and a bigot in the Romish form of Christian worship,—I as a fixed protestant. He views him in the light of an *inconsistent man* in his public character; I, in that of one of the *most consistent* of the present times. He asserts that he has stunned the people of this country, with ringing changes in coarse and insipid abuse of the French Revolution; I maintain that he has not said *more* than he ought on that subject; that he awakened the people of this country to a sense of their danger; and that it was not a chimerical apprehension which operated in his mind, but a well-founded conviction of those evils which *Mr. Miles himself* corroborates in his own Pamphlets upon the same subject. The difference between those gentlemen's faculties of mind (and immense indeed is that difference) renders alone the dissimilarity between their writings on the French Revolution. Mr. Burke, a statesman and philosopher, saw and foretold what has since happened; Mr. Miles, accidentally qualified for publication by a residence on the Continent during the early part of the calamities of France, did not see or foretell; but when the thing happened, according to the prediction, he fell in with it on its farther progress; and gave some additional strength to what Mr. Burke had developed,

I differ from Mr. Miles in various other matters, which, as I proceed, I shall combat, without fear of defeat.

I beg leave to call your attention to the very first sentence in Mr. MILES's letter; among other expressions, it has the following meaning and words:

“ It was imagined—that he would have sought a refuge in his breviary from all the multiplied mortifications to which he has been exposed by a mind debased, crippled, and ulcerated even to a gangrene, by a consciousness of versatile guilt.”

Here, Sir, the implication of Mr. Burke's religion is as false as the spirit of the passage is scurrilous. From such a beginning what is to be expected!

I think it necessary to mention another passage, merely for the peremptory *falsehood* which it contains; though considered in any other way, it is trivial and unimportant.

“ It is necessary to inform you, that he commenced his studies under the Jesuits, and finished them under the sophists.”—page 84.

This gentleman has, indeed, a very dashing contempt for that old-fashioned quality, truth. Had
he

he thought proper to have given it a kindlier reception in his pages, he would have removed one material objection to the credit of his assertions. Mr. Burke commenced his studies under a preceptor of the Quaker sect, and he finished them in Trinity College, in Dublin—a College of a most rigid observance in every essential principle and practice of the established religion; of exemplary moral discipline; and of as much elegant, solid, and profound learning, as any other seminary in Europe.

You will soon know how to estimate in the full measure of the most scrupulous justice, the disbelief with which you are to receive the statements of this angry pamphleteer. The Roman Catholic religion becomes the first subject of invective to his insatiate fury; for several pages he lays about him in all the philosophical Quixotism of the day, runs headlong at the windmills of the ancient superstitions, and rushes with a mad zeal to accelerate the decadence of the Romish worship. All the mysteries and ceremonies which faith, folly, or enthusiasm, had invented, are lumped together in one gross mass, and held out to derision by this active crusader; and the form of Catholic worship being thus reviled and discredited, is pasted up against the character of Mr. Burke, and an adscititious connexion endeavoured to be forced between them.

“ From the very moment that freedom dawned
 “ in France, from that very instant, and before
 “ even *prescience itself* could foresee the wild and
 “ merciless fury with which the beauteous statue of
 “ liberty has been polluted, mutilated, and defiled
 “ in that distracted country, Mr. Burke’s efforts
 “ were exerted to preserve to its sleek and pamper-
 “ ed clergy the full monopoly they enjoyed for ages
 “ in the profitable barter of relics, miracles, dispen-
 “ sations, plenary indulgences, pardons, and all the
 “ disgusting buffooneries which imposture aided by
 “ credulity and power had contrived, manufactur-
 “ ed, and converted into stable, lucrative, mer-
 “ chantable commodities, for the triple purpose of
 “ enriching a profligate voluptuous priesthood, co-
 “ zening the deluded nations of the earth, and bru-
 “ talizing the human species over the whole face of
 “ the habitable globe.”

“ This fraudulent blasphemous barter Mr. Burke
 “ seems anxious to preserve under the stale, flimsy
 “ pretext, that all establishments ought to be held
 “ sacred.”—Page 8.

This reveller in the slanderous banquet of his own
 preparation, would glut himself with obloquy, and
 season every act to his own distempered palate. The
 very humanity of Mr. Burke is distorted into a su-
 perstitious motive to charity; and he is remanded
 to his breviary and his beads, because he affords oc-
 casionally

casionally the sanctuary of his house to a few exiled clergymen of the Romish church ; and thus an argument in favour of his benevolence, is endeavoured to be perverted into a proof of his adopting the tenets of those, who are consoled by his tenderness and nourished by his hospitality. You will be astonished at this. You know that the charities which we bestow on the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, who swarm in the lists of misery, spring from some of the softest and the sweetest qualities of our nature ; that the weaknesses, the follies, or the vices of the wretch whom we succour, are not the traffic for which we exchange our benevolence—but you do not know to what debased constructions a party scribbler can descend.

Never I believe was the impudence of party-spirit stretched to so vile an extent, as in the attempts which have been made most unblushingly in contempt of all sense and judgment to discredit the principles of Mr. Burke's book upon the Revolution in France. An outcry has been raised against that book, as containing sentiments in favour of despotism, and against all forms of free Government. Permit me to remind you of what you already know, that this book, this reviled and abused publication *is not against* the freedom of France, or of any other country, but *against the misuse* which the metaphysical legislators of France made of the materials which they had in their hands.

The ancient government of that country effete and worn, yielded up with languid struggles its existence to the evils which assailed it. A rich store of materials seasoned by the uses of ages, not green and immature, but approved by time, lay in the hands of the French legislators. To operate upon so important a subject, to assimilate the miscellaneous complexity of reason and folly, passions and prejudices, ideal wants and animal necessities, generous freedom and wholesome restraint formed a mighty object for the zeal of virtue, and the purposes of wisdom. To mould a frame of government which may regard the actual practicable preservation of the real rights of associated man; to render equality not *a cause*, but an effect emanating from the spirit of equitable codes of laws, and cherished by a liberal and generous opinion; to make all the motley varieties in the irregular composition of our natures subservient to such noble aims, may well be among the proudest labours of virtue and genius. With such views the legislators of France might have eternized their memories, by giving to their country a rational and vigorous frame of civil liberty. But the principles on which they proceeded to act were utterly inconsistent with such ends. They regarded only abstract metaphysical perfection. Mr. Burke combated and decried those principles. He did not profess himself inimical to the freedom of France. On the contrary, anxious that France should have a free government, he *therefore* reprobated the conduct and principles of the leading men

men in the Revolution, who went upon speculations destructive to this great object.

Observe, Sir, what he says in the very first page of his book—" You, see, Sir, by the long letter I have
 " transmitted to you, that though I do most *heartily*
 " *wish that France may be animated by a spirit of ra-*
 " *tional liberty, and that I think you bound, in all*
 " *honest policy, to provide a permanent body in which*
 " *that spirit may reside, and an effectual organ by*
 " *which it may act,* it is my misfortune to entertain
 " *great doubts concerning several material points in*
 " *your late transactions.*"

You perceive, my dear Sir, that Mr. Burke objects to *material points* in the conduct of the men in power in France, and *not to the freedom*, not to the *spirit of rational liberty* which might insure the happiness of that nation. This spirit winds along the eloquent lapse of all he has written upon that subject. He takes care upon all occasions to signify *that he has in his contemplation the civil social man and no other*; and in the progress of his investigation of the legislators in Paris, and their actions in that capacity, he eventually and in an easy order takes notice of their pillage of the clerical revenues.

In the whole of what he has said upon this subject, and he has left nothing unsaid, there does not occur one solitary passage upon which the indecent railings

of Mr. Miles can be laid—no, far from it. Mr. Burke *does not* in any one sentence of his book, dilate upon the merits of the Roman Catholic religion, as considered with other modes of Christian worship. He *does not* exalt it to any supremacy; he *does not* bestow praises upon it because it is merely the religion of the church of Rome, but as being the national religion of France, and a form of christianity opposed to IMPIETY. National impiety he knew would naturally follow the abolition of all Christian rites of worship; and he therefore reprobated the destruction of a religion which was not followed by any other substituted form of christianity,

There is an inherent principle of timidity, perhaps it is a religious instinct in our natures, which will ever render the mind desirous of clinging to some form of religion, soothing to that querulous state of the soul to which our difficulties in life reduce us. It is a savage outrage upon our natures to endeavour to sophisticate us out of our innate dispositions, and swilling us with philosophical infidelity, to give us a drunken courage to mock at Heaven. But this inebriation of the soul must at last subside; and in the repentance of debauchery there is no certainty of our not running into the extreme of some low illiberal superstition which the zeal of penitence may qualify to our fears.

You

You cannot but have observed that Mr. Burke has not in his book opposed one religion to another, but an ancient established religion to a savage unnatural impiety.

“ Violently condemning neither the Greek, nor
 “ Armenian, nor, since heats are subsided, the Roman
 “ system of religion, we prefer the protestant; not
 “ because we think it has less of the Christian religion
 “ in it, but because in our judgment it has more.”
 —*Reflections, &c. page 134.*

“ We know, and what is better, we feel inwardly,
 “ that religion is the basis of civil society, and the
 “ source of all good and of all comfort. In England
 “ we are so convinced of this, that there is no rust of
 “ superstition with which the accumulated absurdity
 “ of the human mind might have crusted it over in
 “ the course of ages, that ninety-nine in an hundred
 “ of the people of England would not prefer to IM-
 “ PIETY.”—*Ibid.*

I believe these incontrovertible instances of what Mr. Burke had in view, defeat in the completest degree those coarse levities with which Mr. Miles has thought proper to convey his sentiments. He wanted to place the monk's cowl (not for its assimilation with the aspect of his mind, but for its incongruity on (Mr. Burke's head. Derision is his purpose; and his ribaldry

dry is as inapplicable as his arguments are unconvincing.

A set of men who, like the sophistical legislators of France, intended to improve the science of government not only in their own nation, but throughout all Europe*; and not only when they had completed

* Since a revolution, the most wonderful in its nature, and most terrible in its effects, subverted the ancient monarchy of France, and menaced the different states of Europe with a change, not only in their political system, but in their laws, manners, and opinions Page 12.—The conduct of France towards Great Britain examined by WILLIAM MILES.

It was impossible but that this language from its being uniformly held, and invariably addressed to *all* Englishmen, should make an impression on *some*; and whenever this happened, they were instantly desirous to recommend it to their countrymen. Hence the mine intended to be laid, and which one of the chiefs (M. de la Fayette,) of the revolution in 1789, repeatedly assured me would be *first sprung in Ireland, and afterwards in England.*

Infected with the contagion of the times, and intoxicated with the popularity of the moment, M. de la Fayette, was insensible of the impropriety of hazarding assertions which exposed him to the suspicion of secretly wishing to excite those revolutions, which he announced as inevitable; and this idea, so injurious to his character, *seems confirmed* by the freedom with which the people about him were permitted every day after dinner, to harangue on the blemishes and defects of other Governments, and particularly on that of Great Britain

His

pleted their own government, but who while they lay in the very rubbish and ruins of jurisprudence, undertook revolutionary jobs in other countries, and particularly

His extreme hospitality brought a vast concourse of people together, and his drawing-room until seven o'clock was every evening crowded with natives and strangers ; *the former of whom seemed to be infinitely more anxious to provide systems of government for other nations than to settle that of their own.* Their pretended concern, that " a people who had been the first to give an example of liberty to others should have made so poor a progress in it themselves," was accompanied by exhortations to consider France as a model, with offers of *fraternity* if the advice should be adopted !.—Page 67. Ibid.

All this and more was written by Mr. Miles in the year 1793 :

Now let us see what was written by Mr. Burke in the year 1790.

The spirit of profelytism attends this spirit of fanaticism. They have societies to cabal and correspond at home and abroad for the propagation of their tenets. The Republic of Berne, one of the happiest and the most prosperous, and the best governed countries upon earth, is one of the great objects at the destruction of which they aim. I am told they have in some measure succeeded in sowing there the seeds of discontent. They are busy throughout Germany, Spain and Italy have not been untried. England is not left out of the comprehensive scheme of their malignant charity ; and in England we find those who stretch out their arms to them, who recommend their examples from more than one pulpit, and who choose in more than one periodical meeting, publicly to correspond with them, to applaud them, and to hold them up as ob-
jects

tiicularly in England ; such legislators indeed afforded but unpromising proofs of their moderation and wisdom in their very outset. They began with abolishing

jects of imitation ; who receive from them tokens of confraternity, and standards consecrated amidst their rites and mysteries, who suggest to them leagues of perpetual amity, at the very time when the power to which our constitution has exclusively delegated the federative capacity of this kingdom, may find it expedient to make war upon them.---Burke's Reflections, &c. page 228.

“ You imagined that while the British government existed, you could not depend upon its friendship, and in case of foreign hostility that you had no assurance of its neutrality. You considered *its Subversion* as a measure of necessity on the completion of which your Revolution, which had added to the general confusion without diminishing the general distress, entirely depended. You ADOPTED THIS AS A PRINCIPLE IN 1789, AND NEVER LOST SIGHT OF IT.”—Appendix to Conduct of France towards Great Britain, examined by Mr. Miles, page 246.

“ There are two points on which I am much surprised that any difference of opinion should exist. The first of these is, that France began to meditate the subversion of the British Government, the *very instant almost* that she had destroyed the Bastille, and that she *was encouraged* to proceed on her criminal designs by *several people in different parts of the British dominions*.---Page 65. The Author of a Letter to the Duke of Grafton, vindicated from the Charge of Democracy, by Mr. Miles.

No wonder that Mr. Burke *has rang* the changes upon the French revolution. His foresight is approved, his predictions confirmed, his

lishing that, which, of all others, is the most essential compacting power in society, the right to property. No matter who the sufferers were ; this very marrow of a civilized state was scooped out, and profligately lavished, while the hollow bone was thrown to the hungry multitude. It signified but little on whom, or on what class, the depredation was committed ; the principle was bad, and was but too certain an omen of all the varied outrages which filled up the sequence.

Such a violation of right in a nation presuming to a high rank among civilised states, incurred the animadversions of Mr. Burke—not as a Roman Catholic, but as a statesman.

“ But this act of seizure of property, it seems, is a judgment in law, and not a confiscation. They

his alarms substantiated, his zeal qualified, and his public services confirmed—By whom ? Not by the partialities of friendship, or the concurrence of prejudices ; but by one of his most active and inveterate enemies—Mr. William Miles. Under such convictions could Mr. Burke have said too much in calling upon the unsuspecting temper of his country to rouse, and take the alarm ? When evils of so flagitious a nature impended, could there be any such thing as excess of zeal ? Impossible. And yet this is the man who thus profitably and happily for his country closed his political career with such salutary appraisals of danger—This is the man to whom the royal benevolence is questioned by a baffled and irritated party.

have

have, it seems, found out in the academies of the *Palais Royale* and the Jacobins, that certain men had no right to the possessions which they held under law, usage, the decisions of courts, and the accumulated prescriptions of a thousand years. They say that ecclesiastics are fictitious persons, creatures of the state; whom at pleasure they may destroy, and of course limit and modify in every particular; that the goods they possess are not properly theirs, but belong to the state which created the fiction; and we are therefore not to trouble ourselves with what is done towards them in their constructive character. Of what import is it under what names you injure men, and deprive them of the just emoluments of a profession in which they were not only permitted, but *encouraged* by the state to engage; and upon the supposed certainty of which emoluments they had formed the plan of their lives, contracted debts, and led multitudes to an entire dependance upon them?" —158, *Ibid.*

The most particular mention which this eloquent statesman makes of the French clergy is couched in terms as little favourable to Mr. Miles's abuse :

" If your clergy, or any clergy, should show themselves vicious beyond the fair bounds allowed to human infirmity, and to those professional faults, which can hardly be separated from professional virtues, though their vices never can countenance
" the

“ the exercise of oppression, I do admit that they
 “ would naturally have the effect of abating very
 “ much of our indignation against the tyrants who
 “ exceed measure and justice in their punishment.
 “ I can allow *in clergymen, through all their divisions,*
 “ some tenaciousness of their own opinion; some
 “ overflowing of zeal for its propagation; some pre-
 “ dilection for their own state and office; some at-
 “ tachment to the interest of their own corps; some
 “ preference to those who listen with docility to
 “ their doctrines, beyond those who scorn and de-
 “ ride them. I allow all this, because I am a man
 “ who have to deal with men, and who would not
 “ through a violence of toleration, run into the
 “ greatest of all intolerance. I must bear with in-
 “ firmities until they fester into crimes *.”

“ Undoubtedly, the natural progress of the passions,
 “ from frailty to vice, ought to be prevented by a
 “ watchful eye and a firm hand. But is it true, that
 “ the body of your clergy had past those limits of a
 “ just allowance? From the general style of your
 “ late publications of all sorts, one would be led to
 “ believe, that your clergy in France were a sort of

* But institutions favour of superstition in their very principle;
 and they nourish it by a permanent and standing influence. *This I*
do not mean to dispute; but this ought not to hinder you from deriving
from superstition itself any resource which may thence be furnished for
 the public advantage.---Page 235, Burke's Reflections, &c.

“ monsters ; an horrible compound of superstition,
 “ ignorance, sloth, fraud, avarice, and tyranny. But
 “ is this true ? Is it true, that the lapse of time,
 “ the cessation of conflicting interests, the woful ex-
 “ perience of the evils resulting from party rage,
 “ have no sort of influence, gradually to meliorate
 “ their minds ? Is it true, that they were daily re-
 “ newing invasions on the civil power, troubling the
 “ domestic quiet of their country, and rendering the
 “ operations of their government feeble and preca-
 “ rious ? Did they by every fraud endeavour to in-
 “ crease their estates ? Did they use to exceed the
 “ due demands on estates that were their own ? Or
 “ rigidly screwing up right in to wrong, did they con-
 “ vert a legal claim into a vexatious extortion ?
 “ When, not possessed of power, were they filled
 “ with the vices of those who envy it ? Were they
 “ enflamed with a violent litigious spirit of contro-
 “ versy ? Goaded on with the ambition of intel-
 “ lectual sovereignty, were they ready to fly in the
 “ face of all magistracy, to fire churches, to mas-
 “ sacre the priests of other descriptions, to pull down
 “ altars, and to make their way over the ruins of
 “ subverted governments, to an empire of doctrine,
 “ sometimes flattering, sometimes forcing the con-
 “ sciences of men from the jurisdiction of public in-
 “ stitutions, into a submission to their personal au-
 “ thority, beginning with a claim of liberty, and
 “ ending with an abuse of power ?”

“ These,

“ These, or some of these, were the vices objected, and not wholly without foundation, to several of the churchmen of former times, who belonged to the two great parties which then divided and distracted Europe.”

“ If there was in France, as in other countries there visibly is, a *great abatement rather than increase* of these vices, instead of loading the present clergy with the crimes of *other men*, and the odious character of *other times*, in common equity they ought to be praised, encouraged, and supported in *their departure from* a spirit which disgraced their predecessors, and for having assumed a temper of mind and manners more suitable to their sacred function.”—
Page 213. Ibid.

If I were to obtrude upon your attention a less restrained freedom of quotation from the writings of Mr. Burke, I could accumulate passage upon passage, and page upon page, all tending to confirm the point I mean to uphold. That this gentleman can only be termed an advocate for Christianity in general, without any bigotted predilections, and that all the common place farrago which Mr. Miles has so indecently objected to him, is utterly irrelevant, I believe is already sufficiently obvious to your mind.

In corroboration of what I have averred, I shall beg leave to use another quotation on this subject, to show more explicitly, that Mr. Burke was affected by fears for the destruction of the Christian religion, and not moved to panegyric for any particular form of it, unless we except what he has said in favour of the *Protestant faith* *.

“ In short, Sir, it seems to me, that this new ecclesiastical establishment is intended only to be temporary, and preparatory to the utter abolition UNDER ANY OF ITS FORMS, of the Christian religion whenever the minds of men are prepared for this last stroke against it, by the accomplishment of the plan for bringing its ministers into universal contempt. They who will not believe that the philosophical fanatics who guide in these matters, have long entertained such a design, are utterly ignorant of their character and proceedings. These enthusiasts do not scruple to avow their opinion, that a state can subsist without any religion better than with one; and that they are able to supply the place of any good which may be in it by a project of their own, —namely, by a sort of education they have imagined to be founded in a knowledge of the physical wants of men, progressively carried on to an enlightened self-interest, which, when well understood, they tell us, will identify with an interest

* See Page 89.

“ more enlarged and public. The scheme of this
 “ education has been long known ; of late they dis-
 “ tinguish it (as they have got an entire new nomen-
 “ clature of technical terms), by the name of *civic*
 “ education.

I shall not trouble you with any more proofs of a circumstance self-evidently existing. The retail-dealers in traduction, who thus endeavour to hack and mangle one of the finest geniuses of Europe, never think themselves bound to prove any thing. In all the intermediate stages of character, from abject imbecillity to brutal slander, those men indulge in their several modes of assertion, and seem to assume it as perfectly beyond the assailable of dispute, that their positions are above the want of corroboration or argument. Generalissimo of all traducers stands Mr. Miles, with as little credit for argument as any of his fraternity. He declares of himself, that he is neither a party man, nor a reviler for hire ; an assertion, which sets even palliation beyond his reach.—Poverty might be a disgraceful excuse for enormity ; and some latent sparks of virtue may lurk in a soul obliged to prostitute itself for hire, and compelled, by the niggardliness of fortune, to subdue generous emotions, and be subservient to a mind more dull and more guilty : but a volunteer in calumny, in loathsome vilifying abuse, without one trait of elegant satire, without the most solitary instance of attic poignancy, in one hundred pages of dulness, false-

hood, grossness, inflated exotism, and brutal obduracy of soul,—where are we to seek for motives and excuses ?

A loose and inaccurate writer, this man has lately incurred the public attention, on account of a few pamphlets published since the war. In all his productions, the venom of abuse taints with a sickly hue the green four sentiments of a man, whose soul never could praise. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Grafton, and Mr. Burke, have been all doomed to the sad repast of glutting the grinning hunger of this insatiate OGRE. The former was as probable a victim as any other : he possessed those excellencies which only hastened and aggravated his doom. Elegant and polite, refined and cultivated, the graces of a gentleman unite with the generous magnificence of a Prince.—The friend of genius, the patron of the arts, his liberality was not measured by the frigid moderation which the dwarfish prudence of humble life would prescribe. He ought to be judged—not by four economists in *theory*, but by a fair and manly consideration of his proud rank and dignified exaltation. The august hope of the greatest empire on the globe should not have his munificence measured by customary limits ;—the very excesses of great and noble qualifications are decorous to a Prince of Wales. What is relatively imprudent, may be positively excellent. Every thing is affected by circumstances. But the narrow little calculating spirit, which is now
called

called philosophy, precludes every generous construction of men's actions ; and to have solicited from his country a more liberal extension of income, that the rank of the Prince may correspond with the qualities of the man, has subjected this exalted personage to feel the tomahawk of Mr. Miles.

Durus homo, atque odio possit qui vincere regem.
 Confidus, tumidusque ; adeo sermonis amari,
 Sisennas, Barros, ut equis præcurreret albis.

HOR.

His tracts are, like the cave of Cacus, a vile abode of gloom and havoc.

Hic spelunca fuit vasto submota recessu
 Semi hominis Caci, facies quam dira tenebat
 Solis inaccessam radiis, semperque recenti
 Cæde tepebat humus ; foribusque affixa superbis
 Ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.

VIRGIL.

Unused to panegyric, he compliments the Minister so awkwardly, as to render this solitary act of respect suspicious in its motives. There seems to be a more *interested* air in his adulation than his professions would encourage. He “ *is ill calculated to make his fortune by flattery.* ”—Certainly the art of bestowing praise is not among the number of his talents. His manner of communicating the anecdotal part of his knowledge is truly ludicrous ; his very effort to conceal exposes

grossness and illiberality. He is like COWSLIP in the farce, *after telling his tale*, he plumes himself upon his *secrecy*. In the following passage, which I quote for this purpose, you will have occasion to notice the zeal of this good gentleman on behalf of public morals.

“ *I will pass over* the ill-concealed debaucheries of
 “ the religious of both sexes of the Catholic religion,
 “ whose vows should bind them to prayers, abstinence,
 “ and chastity ; *I will forbear* in compassion to the
 “ refugee bishops from France”—(tender gentle
 “ soul !) “ all comments on the reiterated vows of
 “ chastity and celibacy, which the clergy of their
 “ persuasion voluntarily make in the face of heaven
 “ and as voluntarily violate *in the face of their mistresses*
 “ (What an excellent secret-monger !) neither will
 “ I dwell on the well-authenticated tales of nuns
 “ and friars, from the very first establishment of
 “ monasteries, *playing at Adam and Eve* in their
 “ subterraneous recesses, running about from con-
 “ vent to convent *like rabbits in their burrows*, and
 “ consigning the wretched produce of their *illicit*
 “ *amours* to a premature dissolution, before nature
 “ had ripened the miserable embryos into shape or
 “ existence.”—Page 11.

In the like spirit he leaves to the retailers of scandal
 (he being a wholesale dealer) the task of private
 anec-

anecdote and history. He will *not* cross *St. George's Channel* to investigate the title-deeds of an estate fraudulently conveyed by a violated trust.—The story is still extant; and yet though these matters are “*unworthy of regard*,” this good gentleman mentions what he would conceal in the most odious inuendos, and then prides himself upon a secrecy the result of his virtue. His talents at secrecy, and his virtues, I believe to be of a very affording complexion.

I have said in a few pages back, that what Mr. BURKE predicted in the year 1790, Mr. MILES narrated as having actually happened in France in 1793. As far as the authority of such a man can be creditable, it is curious to observe how he concurs in bestowing celebrity upon the person whom he so rancorously hates. “Two of the leading men, but
“ of opposite views and interests, in the Revolution
“ of 1789, repeatedly assured me in the summer of
“ 1790, that a Revolution in England was unavoidable; that the enlightened wisdom of France
“ had demonstrated the folly and danger of having
“ two houses of parliament, and the still greater mischief of allowing the King to possess the right of
“ making peace and war. That the people of England animated by the example of Ireland, whose
“ volunteers would soon be assembled in the cause
“ of freedom, would take the National Assembly
“ for its model, and by adopting its maxims and its
“ laws, lay the foundation of an eternal alliance be-

" tween the two empires, &c."—" From hence
 " it is evident, that the project for subverting of
 " the British Constitution was adopted almost as
 " soon as the King of France was dragged in dis-
 " graceful triumph from Versailles to Paris; and I
 " know that it has been pursued on the part of the
 " French with that subtlety and ardour which apper-
 " tain to the finess and vivacity of the French na-
 " tion. Whenever I asserted that we were perfectly
 " satisfied with the present government, I was
 " laughed at for my ignorance; and whenever I
 " contended that there was neither a necessity nor
 " an excuse for a Revolution in England, my ar-
 " guments were opposed by a torrent of proposi-
 " tions, which *however just in the abstract*, are *in-*
 " *compatible in practice*, with the general interests
 " and safety of society."—See Note, to the author of
 a letter to the Duke of Grafton, vindicated from the
 charge of democracy, by Mr. Miles,

If any thing was wanting auxillarily to the value
 of Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in
 France, the above passage would have very consider-
 able weight; for we find it giving a body and sub-
 stance to the sentiments of that inimitable writer,
 both on account of the positive reasons for national
 alarm, and for that abstracted spirit of reasoning
 which threatened to undermine every establishment
 and principle in society. Mr. Burke perceived all
 this, when in the language of Mr. Miles, *prescience*
itself

“ *itself* could not foresee the merciless fury with
 “ which the beauteous statue of liberty has been
 “ polluted, mutilated, and defiled in that distracted
 “ country.” Now, my dear Sir, observe how the
 fury of this man has muddled his judgment and sub-
 verted his consistence. Mr. Miles knew of the in-
 tention of the chiefs of the Revolution in France, to
 effect the like outrages in Ireland and in England—
 he knew this in the *summer of 1790*. In *November*
in the same year, Mr. Burke’s Book on French Af-
 fairs was published, and actually communicated what
 Mr. Miles had known *some months before*, and yet
 this man is bold enough to say, that it required *pre-*
science to know what *had really taken place*. Why
 did he not sooner display all this intelligence so ma-
 terial to the very existence of his country? Why did
 he suppress this important concern *for four years*,
 and only promulge his correspondencies and episto-
 lary discussions at a time when the talents of Mr.
 Burke had rendered them of no possible value?

Mr. Burke, animated by detestation for the atro-
 cities attending the French revolution, descanted upon
 some marked transactions of disgrace and brutality.
 Mr. Miles observes upon the resentments of the
 French mobs towards the English.—“ This ferocity
 “ in a loose and disorderly rabble would be unworthy
 “ of notice, *if from its strict correspondence with other*
 “ *circumstances, it did not appear to be evidently connect-*
 “ *ed with the system which the chiefs of the French Ré-*
 “ *volution*

" *volution had adopted with respect to the conduct to*
 " *be observed towards this country.*"—Page 63.
 The conduct of France to Great Britain examined by
 Mr. Miles.

No wonder that Mr. Burke's animadversions on
 French philosophy were zealously declared; more
 moderation would have been almost criminal.

" We are the only nation in whom they stand in
 " awe; and, jealous of our power, our ruin was their
 " object; not in a manly, direct, and open manner,
 " but by mean underhand fraud, by *treachery of a*
 " *new description, and which eclipses, by its malignancy*
 " *and magnitude, the minor vices and duplicity of the*
 " *Court of Versailles.*

" Can any other motive be assigned for all this so-
 " licitude, all this impatience to subvert our govern-
 " ment, than a settled design to involve us in con-
 " fusion and in blood? And if this had not been
 " the result of a systematic plan, previously arranged
 " and resolved upon, how comes it that in *all their*
 " *clubs, societies, and private parties*, a revolution in
 " England was strenuously recommended, and the
 " subject introduced the instant that an Englishman
 " appeared?"—Page 85, *ibid.* And yet this consist-
 ent Gentleman declares that Mr. Burke alone con-
 demned the French Revolution.*

* Every body in the first instance admired the French Revolu-
 tion. *Mr. Burke alone condemned it!* Page 54, Letter to Henry
 Duncombe, Esq.

I need

I need not refer you to Mr. Burke's invaluable publications to show you how early all those disasters were discovered by him. Your vivid recollection of circumstances must render it obvious to your mind, that all that Mr. Miles has advanced is but still adding feathers to Mr. Burke's plume.

Let me only notice the following passage from the *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.—Page 230.

“Many parts of Europe are in open disorder. In many others there is a hollow murmuring under ground; a confused movement is felt that threatens a general earthquake in the political world. Already confederacies and correspondencies of the most extraordinary nature are forming in several countries. In such a state of things it behoves us to be upon our guard.”

Had Mr. Burke never called upon the caution of his country, had he never pointed out to her the ruinous flood of French crimes which tended to pour upon her, in all human probability we should have had but a perilous escape at best from so dire an inundation; and I am inclined to apprehend that the subordinate uses of Mr. Miles's publications would have had but an ineffectual claim on ministerial bounty. You must perceive that through all the latter publications of Mr. Burke, his dislike to French systems is considerably

ably excited by their metaphysical and abstracted tenor. You have but to take a glance at Mr. Miles's Pamphlet on the conduct of France to Great Britain, to be assured that Mr. Burke's censures are well founded—"the French, who, blending abstract metaphysical notions with their ideas of practical government, insisted on the free navigation of the Scheldt."—

Page 105. Let me only notice the following passage in Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France—Page

The flaunting egotism or the indiscreet presumption of this writer will not receive much indulgence from being considered as a low inconsequential auxiliary to the credit and wisdom of Mr. Burke. Yet, considered in that humble view only, can his more useful writings be appreciated in the most trifling degree of value.

It is entertaining to observe with what an odd left-handed sort of consequence this man rushes before the public. *He would quit the metropolis for a cottage and garden—he was decided to withdraw himself from politics—but Mr. Burke wrote a book, which compelled this rurally-disposed swain to hazard himself once more on the turbulent and tempestuous ocean of politics—very repugnant to his feelings; but he is pledged, and must, in discharge of an obligation contracted in March, 1794, come forward.* You will, my dear Sir, be naturally anxious to know the nature of such an obligation; and if you can subdue your indignation whilst you peruse it, you have a

more

more stern mastery over your emotions than it falls to my lot to possess.

“It is time to leave him (Mr. Burke) to his reflections; with this admonition however, that if he trespasses again on the good sense of the nation, I will pursue him until he turns, like the enraged viper, on himself, and expires by his own poison.”

Letter to the Duke of Grafton, page 41.

This, Sir, is the obligation! perfectly stamped with every impression which can preserve consistence in malignity. His threat has been rendered harmless by his own example; for as he has not already suffered a vile suicide from his own rabid venom, a toad's slime may be deemed medicinal and balmy. Presumption is the broad badge of folly; and the records of human vagaries have nothing to produce of a more ludicrous aspect than Mr. Miles threatening Mr. Burke with literary castigation. No courteous undescending jocularly of imagination can conceive any thing more ludicrous. He feels “*himself Mr. Burke's superior in argument*!” risum teneatis! One is almost tempted to exclaim with Trinculo—
“*That a monster should be such a natural!*”

In this last effort of gross phrensy in which he attacks Mr. Burke, I beg you to observe the following modes in which this milky-tempered imp of gentleness rises to *superiority in argument*.

First,

First, he will not allow the harmless decorations which courtesy and custom warrant to pass unnoticed ; but he says, “ *The Right Hon. Gentleman, as he is called by courtesy.*” There is a contemptible minuteness in this puerile malevolence :—there is something worse in what follows :

“ Can neither age nor misfortune, infirmity nor public execration, restrain this *curse and mischief* on the land, this *fiend and lunatic* within his cell ? Is the family of Monro, or his successors, no more ? Has this man no kind friend, or faithful domestic, of sufficient piety or courage to bind him in a strait waistcoat, and make him harmless against his very nature ?—Page 26.

Take a few more specimens of the arguments of this redoubtable reasoner :

“ It is full time that this man should be muzzled and hand-cuffed, or his wild sallies may endanger the state.”

“ This lamentable old man, lamentable in every point of view, continues to be wicked and mischievous beyond the ordinary term allotted to vice.”—“ Every thing is absorbed, enfeebled, or extinguished in him, but his rancour”—“ the friend-ship of this forlorn and wretched old man, separated, cut off, and avoided by all those who once
“ valued

“ valued him, is still more fatal than his hatred.”—
 “ This rich, poor old man, this intoxicated dotard.”
 This I believe, Sir, will appear to you a sort of argumentation not to be found in any system of logic which you have ever perused—a most emolient turn of disputation truly. I have to crown all with a passage of so damnable a dye—but read it—

“ And do not, my dear Sir, reproach me with possessing a degree of venom equal to the hapless object whose acrimony is without example, when I assert, that what he bewails as a calamity, we ought to hail as a blessing, and feel grateful to Providence.
 “ —*that the legitimate breed of such a man is extinct for ever!!!*—Page 33.

I will not suppose you capable of feeling but one emotion on this passage. It was occasioned by the sorrows of an aged father for an only and accomplished son!

So much for Miles's mode of attaining superiority—I cannot think so hardly of mankind as to suppose that he will ever have a competitor in such efforts at exaltation. I must not forbear mentioning his implication of his motives, and his pains to show the humility of his views in his own words. “ My poor pretensions could never come into competition with his proud claims, &c.” “ I say this, in order to remove impressions, if any should exist, or be excited,
 “ cited,

" cited, that I am stimulated to that severe investigation of his conduct and principles by any other motives than those *which I have avowed and feel to be laudable.*"—Page 60. I shall apply to this conduct a declaration from his own publicly-reprobated pamphlet—" *We have one code for theory, and another for practice.*"—Page 99.

Having given you specimens from which you may form a very adequate conception of the method by which Mr. Miles investigates political truth, I shall proceed to show you, by what extracts from Mr. Burke's writings he pretends to prove the versatility in the public principles of that gentleman. These, Sir, he ushers in with a contemptible little plagiarism from the Letters of Junius: "In a word. my dear Sir, he (Mr. Burke) has travelled through the twelve signs of the zodiac, and, returned to the point from whence he departed, remains fixed to a certainty in scorpion." Hear Junius, in his twelfth letter to the Duke of Grafton: "*For you have unravelled through every political sign in the Zodiac, from the Scorpion, in which you stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the house of Bloomsbury.* The house of Bloomsbury, it is shrewdly suspected, has yet *some hopes* to traffic for services. But Mr. Miles, Sir, not only has ransacked the popular vehicles of political obloquy, but he even pillages from himself—rightly supposing that the venom of his own slaver has somewhat *sui generis* in it, he dips his pen into those coarse revilings which
he

he has attached to his letter to the Duke of Grafton on the like occasion. There we find the same trite scurrillity vented by a stupid malignity, which is not even recommended by invention.

It is surely a dignifying triumph to Mr. Burke to find, that among all the virulent dependants of party malice, the most industrious zeal has not been able to *prove* against him a single point of the very many which form the clamour artificially raised against him. It must be a consolation to him, in the last stage of life, to find, that his conduct during a long series of years has set his enemies so utterly at defiance, that they can only possess themselves of all the little floating dissimilarities, which the temper of different periods of public necessity may give to a man's opinions; but even the uses made of those are neither countenanced by truth, nor supported by success.

You will hardly think it credible, my dear Sir, that an arrogant, presumptuous pamphlet-monger, animated by rage, regardless of even the restraints of civilized opinion, rushing with impetuous malevolence against the character of a man, should, in the madness of his fury, forget his weapons, and take up a straw instead of a spear. You would be led to guess, that those vauntings of Mr. Miles would at least have some appearance of efficacy, to encourage him to such a combat as he seems to court.

lous of fame, perhaps he solicits the ragged immortality of being defeated by Mr. Burke; for, from the nerveless efforts he has made, his bullying threats subside into a sort of reconciled disgrace.

This gentleman has perused, with the pointed glance of an enemy, the writings of Mr. Burke; and what has he found? I pray you, take notice of what he has advanced in the front of his feeble host. The mere bagatelle of a scholar and a man of refined genius, a production written as the polite effort of a most cultivated mind in its relaxation, is adduced with all the gravity and consequence of a serious composition. You know very well the circumstance to which I allude. In the earlier part of his life, Mr. Burke undertook a subject to be treated in the closest similitude of argument and style, in the manner of Lord Bolingbroke. The elegant speciousness, the imposing fallacy, and the brilliant sophisms of this noble author were all adopted by Mr. Burke, after the most felicitous resemblance. Not only the style, glittering and gracious, the *nitidum quoddam genus verborum et lætum*; but even the *very mind* of Lord Bolingbroke, seems assumed by the taste and talents of his elegant imitator. Well, Sir, this cobweb production of ingenious imitation, is actually produced by this redoubtable Mr. Miles, and endeavoured to be tortured out of its airiness and innocence into a very strong corroboration of the changeful principles of Mr. Burke. Would you, or any other
man

man not half as well gifted with understanding, hesitate to condemn so futile an act of little sickly malevolence? Could you for a moment withhold your contempt from such petty efforts to detract from the character of a great man? Do you not perceive, through those gassomer mists enviously raised around him, the strength, credit, and dignity, of the man thus endeavoured to be overcast? If there were any thing of dubious merit in the political career of Mr. Burke, such imbecil efforts of enmity would only remove the suspicion, and act with contrary effects to their purposes.

But permit me to examine with some closeness, those other extracts from the writings of this lucid and eloquent man, by which Mr. Miles would affix to him the crime of political versatility. You cannot, I am certain, suppress your smiles at such measures of inanity; and you will often be in doubt whether Mr. Miles made those extracts for the purpose of praise or dispraise; at all events, you will perceive that the intended reproof is much more equivocal than the unintended panegyric implied in the passage.

He first quotes from "*Thoughts on the present Discontents, by Mr. Burke.*"—*Vol. I. pages 411 and 412.*

It is too ridiculous to imagine that the greatest lu-

natic that ever presumed to write, could intend to prove any discredit to the author of this passage, by quoting it. Consider the signification of the very opening sentence.

“ In cases of tumult and disorder, our law has in-
 “ vested every man, *in some sort*, with the authority
 “ of a magistrate.” This qualified mediation of
 individuals is not only *permitted*, but actually *re-*
quired by our law. “ When the affairs of a nation
 “ *are distracted* (which, by the way, happens but
 “ seldom) private people are, by the *spirit of that*
 “ *law*, justified in stepping *a little* out of their or-
 “ dinary sphere.” Individuals, while they act within
 the *spirit of that law*, are certainly *justified* in as-
 suming more than ordinary; but observe the safety
 in this privilege: he who acts *according to law*, and
 whose conduct is *justified* by law, must necessarily act
 for the benefit of his country. “ They enjoy a pri-
 “ vilege of more dignity and effect than that of idle
 “ lamentation over the *calamities* of their country;
 “ they may look into them narrowly; they may
 “ reason upon them *liberally*, and if they should be
 “ so fortunate as to discover the mischief, and to
 “ suggest any probable method of removing it;
 “ though they may *displease* the rulers of the day,
 “ they *are certainly of service to the cause of govern-*
 “ *ment.*” Now observe, Sir, that this is intended
 to be contrasted with the late professions of Mr.
 Burke. The meaning of this passage must be ob-
 vious

vious to you as well as to me. It signifies, that in a *distracted* state of public affairs there is but little dignity in an inactive lamentation, and that every individual is, by *our laws*, privileged in *such circumstances* to give his opinion ; and if it should be well founded, that it must necessarily *be of service* to the government, though the advice coming from a man of this or that party may not make it so acceptable as it ought to be.

Now, in order to show that Mr. Burke has been a profelyte to opposite doctrines, it must be *proved*, for assertion will not do, that he has recently declared that, the people of this country have *no legal right to act* legally, and to serve government *according to law*, and that they cannot be justified in undertaking to mitigate the calamities of their country, in a legal manner, by *suggesting* remedies. If any man can prove Mr. Burke the author of such nonsense, then Mr. Miles's extract will bear application.

But to proceed with those quotations :

“ I am not one of those who think that the people
 “ are never in the wrong. They have been so, *frequently* and *outrageously*, both in other countries
 “ and in this.” Does not this look as if Mr. Miles was bantering his readers ? “ But I do say that in
 “ all disputes between them and their rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favour of the
 “ people.

“ people. EXPERIENCE may perhaps justify me in
 “ going farther. Where popular discontents have
 “ been *very prevalent*, it may well be affirmed and
 “ supported that there has been *generally* something
 “ found amiss in the constitution, or in the conduct
 “ of the government. The people have no *interest*
 “ in disorder, when they do wrong, it is their error
 “ and not their crime; but with the governing part
 “ of the state it is far otherwise.”

Now, Sir, balance the extremes of this passage, and you will find that the amount of it signifies that discontents arise equally from the misconduct of government, and from the errors of the people. You see that it is not made an abstract question, by any means; but that it is speaking from *experience*; from such documents as study and observation produce. If a man should make an assertion corroborated by the actual course of things, his credit is questionable only as to the degree in which what he advances is founded or no; and I presume that it will not be denied but that experience will encourage any man to say that discontents in a nation, must arise either from the *outrages* or errors of the people, or from imperfections in the principle and conduct of the government.

Now to show Mr. Burke's tergiversation, it must be proved that his present doctrines are grounded on this absurdity that the people or the government never can err, nor act improperly.

The

The succeeding extract as quoted from Mr. Burke by Mr. Miles goes to compliment the former upon his foresight in predicting the issue of the American war. It proves nothing but that Mr. Burke spoke with prophetic accuracy.

From Mr. Burke's speech on Œconomical Reform, Mr. Miles has gratified his readers with a copious extract, which is the only part of his pamphlet worth reading. The commencement of this quotation enumerates all the advantages which he proposed to the state in the completion of his plans of œconomy. He says, " This plan, I really flatter myself is laid out not in official formality *nor in* " *airy speculation, but in real life and in human nature* " in what ' comes home,' (as Bacon says) ' to the " business and bosoms of men." Can you conceive any extract more unhappy to prove a change in the sentiments of Mr. Burke. The same rejection of speculation, the same regard to the nature of man pervades, I had almost said every page of his later publications. All the great objects of this plan are thus set forth. " It is a plan which, takes nothing " from the civil list, without discharging it of a " burthen equal to the sum carried to the public " service. It weakens no one function necessary to " government ; but on the contrary, by appropriating supply to service it gives it greater vigour, " it provides means of *order and foresight to a minister* " *of finance*, which may always keep all the objects

“ of his office, and their state, condition, and rela-
 “ tions distinctly before him. It brings forward
 “ accounts without hurrying and distressing the ac-
 “ countants, whilst it regards private rights ; it
 “ *extinguishes secret corruption*, almost to the possibi-
 “ lity of its existence ; it destroys direct and visi-
 “ ble influence equal to the offices of at least
 “ fifty members of Parliament. Lastly, it pre-
 “ vents the provision for his Majesty’s children from
 “ being diverted *to the political purposes of his minis-*
 “ *ters*. These are the points on which I rely for the
 “ merit of the plan ; *I pursue œconomy in a secondary*
 “ *view ; and only as it is connected with those great*
 “ *objects*.” I need hardly undertake to discriminate
 to you the great services rendered to the State by
 the perfection of this plan. It has the air of oblique
 praise to allege such a passage under the pro-
 fession of doing an injury to its author. One ob-
 ject in this quotation seems to be, that the late con-
 duct of Mr. Burke in acceding to the generous re-
 wards of Majesty is a sort of inversion of his own
 doctrines of œconomy. But how flimsy and fal-
 lacious does such a charge appear. You cannot but
 be fixt in the most determined certainty that œcono-
 my of such a nature was not within the designation
 of his plan. It was *only in a secondary view, and as*
it was connected with great objects, that Mr. Burke
 introduced his plan of reform. In truth he could
not have acted contradictory to his principles ; it is
 not in his power to dispense with the spirit of those
 bills

bills accomplished by himself. To be contradictory to his former sentiments he must have undertaken the repeal, or at least written against the spirit and existence of what was once his pride, and what has long rendered his talents solidly useful to his country.

In this passage which professes to make Mr. Burke contradict himself, it is remarkable that his CONSISTENCE juts out into notice as we proceed. His disregard for theoretical perfection stands in the same avowed way in his writings of many years ago as in those of the present day. " Those things which are
 " *not practicable, are not desirable.* There is nothing
 " in the world really beneficial that *does not lie* within
 " the reach of an informed understanding and a well
 " directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has
 " judged good for us, that he has not given us the
 " means to accomplish both in the natural and the
 " moral world."—" We must follow *the nature of*
 " *our affairs,* and conform ourselves *to our situation.*
 " If we do, our objects are plain and compassible." Evident and palpable does it appear that the same view has ever engaged the mind of Mr. Burke, and whilst his enemies pore over every action and sentiment, it is most wonderful that the whole tenour of an active public life has not furnished them with even plausibility to colour their outrages.

The entire of this passage is too long for insertion into this letter, Already I fear I have occupied your
 time

time too much, on a matter which requires so moderate an exertion to maintain; but I would meet Mr. Miles upon his own grounds, and defeat him, even upon those mutilated and garbled extracts which he has illiberally made from the writings of Mr. Burke. If I give him all his advantages, and allow him to avail himself of his injustice, I think that the confutation of every point which he has asserted in his most flagitious pamphlet, will be signal and decisive.—I must, before I proceed to examine any fresh extract made by this gentleman, make a few remarks upon the remainder of that which I have been just considering. It contains a generous declaration of Mr. Burke to forego, in the duties which he owes to the state, all private and personal comforts, until such schemes as were in agitation should be perfected to the completest utility. It also professes that wise attention to the wants and interests of the people, which it is the bounden natural duty of every member of the House of Commons, to pay to their wishes or their murmurs. Now, Sir, this does not prove any thing against Mr. Burke's conduct—not a single point. He has not said, nor implied in such a degree as that the most malignant spirit of construction could wrest from any page which he has recently written, any thing of a contrary tendency :—not at all. But if any man can show that there is any analogy between the legal constitutional privileges of the CONSTITUENTS (for it is of those he speaks) of members of Parliament, and a blood-thirsty mob without
any

any privileges, laws, constitution, or government ; if such abandoned savage miscreants, claiming as a right the subversion of all government, can be distorted into any similitude with the former ; indeed, in this extraordinary and impossible case, Mr. Burke may be suspected of relinquishing his attention and duty to his constituents. But as long as insanity is not the order of the day in this empire, Mr. Burke or his friends have nothing to apprehend upon that head.

In the ensuing extract, I suppose some effort more than than ordinary is intended, as Mr. Miles has written the close of the sentence in Italics.—“ The whole hope of reformation is at length cast upon us, and *let us not deceive the nation which does us the honour to hope every thing from our virtue.*”

Now, Sir, you will observe that the *reformation* meant here, is not a *reformation in Parliament*, which is insidiously intended to be conveyed, in order that Mr. Burke should be found guilty upon the equivocation of a word. He and every other wise man would I think, object to such a measure, in the present tempestuous state of affairs.—No, Sir ; Mr. Burke means simply an ECONOMICAL REFORMATION, and nothing else. I must, for my own part, consider it as an honour that the nation should place its reliance upon *the virtue* of its representatives, when it may claim their industry as *a right*. I see nothing in these signifi-

nificantly marked lines, but the honour of being supposed *virtuous* by a nation. Men whose *virtue* have not been much relied upon, may read this passage with incredulity; and, in such cases, I suspect that Mr. Miles is not of easy belief.

The entire scope of this long extract preserves the most rigid similitude with every thing which Mr. Burke has lately avowed. A most ridiculous effort is made to give some sentences of it a typographical variation, as if something very extraordinary was always concealed under Italics. A mountebank cannot take the stage without a wig and a laced waistcoat; strip him of these, and you discredit his art most effectually. Our scribbling Charletan is formidable in Italics; which, when converted into common characters, rob the sentence of all its mystery and importance.

Before I conclude my opposition to the purposes for which these quotations were made from the writings of Mr. Burke, I must call your attention to an extract made by Mr. Miles, with the most brazen front of falsehood which is imaginable: it is in his very title-page—that gate-way to *envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness*.

He professes to quote from Mr. Burke thus:

“ If you are for a republic, why do you not make it in a direct and manly way?—why not openly declare

declare your intentions? If you ask whether I hate a Republican speculation, I will answer—No; I love, revere, and adore the true principles of a Republic.”

The words used by Mr. Burke are thus laid down in Debret's Parliamentary Register, Vol. XXV. page 325.

“ If they chuse to make a republic, why did they
 “ not do it in a manly way, and openly declare their
 “ intentions? If he were asked, did he hate a re-
 “ publican *speculation*, he would answer—No; but
 “ he knew a republic could not be speculated upon
 “ *according to our constitution,*” &c.

It will not, I am sure, be necessary to your conviction, or to that of any man of understanding, to dilate this subject to any additional extent.—I wished to show you that Mr. Miles's pamphlet is but an odious compound of virulent invective, common-place indecency, and impudent unsubstantiated assertion: I wished to make his very means of conquest the weapons to his defeat. If I were to travel beyond this object, and to wander through all the dazzling luxuriance to be found in the writings of Mr. Burke, I could with pleasure expatiate on a subject so wide and fertile, and teeming with innumerable instances to favour my arguments, which may set controversy at defiance. For my part, I perceive in all that great man has written a well-connected series of
 moral

moral and political truth, undeviating and unvarying throughout a long extent of times and necessities, when the difference of temper in the ruling circumstances might have excused any appearance of exterior dissimilarity : but even this, I defy his enemies to prove.

In that very speech on Reform, which Mr. Miles has produced mangled by malignant mutilation, Mr. Burke speaks of the late unfortunate Louis XVI. in terms not less commendatory than those which he has used since the dawning of those disasters which opened so mightily an influx of ruin upon Europe. *The bold frauds of bankrupt power, the wild struggles and plunges of despotism in distress, are not to be found in the proceedings of the French king. Economy has entered in triumph into the public splendour of Louis XVI. into his private amusements, into the appointments of his nearest and highest relations ; all his actions are those of a PATRIOT king.* As to the date of this speech, I will not pretend to accuracy, as I am obliged to use my memory ; but I think it was spoken some time in the beginning of the year 1780.

I shall only subjoin two extracts more from the published works of Mr. Burke, which I am far from thinking are the strongest among many others producible to the same effect. The first will decidedly prove the steady adherence of that illustrious man to the true principles of our glorious and, I trust, immortal-

mortal Constitution; and the second will give the most satisfying character to his notions of reform in the public œconomy.

In December 1788, during the debates on the Regency, Mr. Burke declared, “ that, for his own
 “ part, he was content with the *Constitution as he*
 “ *found it*; he wanted *no alteration*, but there were
 “ *others who did*, and who set no value on the wis-
 “ dom, integrity, and *patriotism of our ancestors*,
 “ who struggled so gloriously in defence of an un-
 “ grateful posterity. To argue upon principle, he
 “ considered himself as fully justified in asserting,
 “ that Great Britain is governed by *an hereditary*
 “ *monarchy. It was so, by the written and unwritten*,
 “ *law*; it was so by the very essence of our excellent,
 “ our, at present, matchless Constitution, and Heaven
 “ forbid it should ever prove otherwise.” “ It shel-
 “ tered the subject from the tyranny of illegal tri-
 “ bunals, bloody proscriptions, and all the long
 “ train of evils attendant upon the DISTRACTIONS
 “ OF ILL-GUIDED, AND UNPRINCIPLED REPUB-
 “ LICS.” —Debrett’s Parliamentary Register.

Mr. Miles, with his usual discrimination into Mr. Burke’s public character, declares, “ that if he could
 “ snatch some forty years of life back, that he
 “ would be as proud of going bare-breeched as the
 “ errantest sans-culotte in France.” But by this
 time,

time you must know how to appreciate the opinions of this man.

In Mr. Burke's speech, on the subject of æconomical Reform, his conceptions are uttered with that explicitness in the sense, and liberality in the sentiments, which must discredit the late charges made against him by two Noble Persons in the House of Lords (as far as his consistence is involved), and since re-echoed by all the subordinate bellowers of hireling slander.

“ Indeed, no man knows when he cuts off the
 “ *incitements to a virtuous ambition, and the just re-*
 “ *wards of public service, what infinite mischiefs he*
 “ *may do his country, through all generations :*
 “ *such saving to the public may prove the worst*
 “ *mode of robbing it. The Crown, which has in its*
 “ *hands the trust of the daily pay for national ser-*
 “ *vice, ought to have in its hands also, the means*
 “ *for the repose of public labour, and the fixed settle-*
 “ *ment of acknowledged merits. There is a time*
 “ *when the weather-beaten vessels of the State ought to*
 “ *come into harbour. They must at length have a re-*
 “ *treat from the malice of rivals, from the perfidy of*
 “ *political friends, and the inconstancy of the people.*”

“ I am very sure that states do sometimes receive
 “ *services, which it is hardly in their power to reward*
 “ *according*

“ according to their worth, If I were to give my
 “ judgment with regard to this country, I do not
 “ think the great efficient officers of the state to be
 “ over-paid. The service of the public is a thing
 “ which cannot be put to auction, and struck down
 “ to those who will agree to execute the cheapest.”

In this liberal spirit did this great man urge æconomical reform; and in the same spirit did he accomplish his schemes for the regulation of the public expenditure, when a change of measures granted him the opportunity. Yet, Sir, you see with what a hardened disregard to truth the hired ministers of personal pique and party malice endeavour to pervert the consistence of his public character into contradictory principles. A clamour has been sounded for five years against Mr. Burke—several men are more interested in feeding with every extravagance of opinion this outcry than is commonly imagined. The Jacobins in masquerade (and Mr. Miles knows of many) have to execrate Mr. Burke for unmasking the Hydra of Revolution. His intuitive eye looked through the thin veil of freedom which screened from the world the savage tenets of French philosophy. Behind it he saw the crouching monsters of desolation and blood banqueting in anticipated carnage. He rent the frail, yet seemly covering; and all the blood hounds of anarchy opened on him in the sharp yells of disappointment, and have never ceased to bay him since that moment. I can

readily credit the indignation of Mr. Miles having strong personal foundations against the conduct of Mr. Burke.—I doubt not but some promising speculations were overthrown by it.

The following extract from this detested pamphlet of Mr. Miles, will afford auxiliary proofs of the zeal with which he labours to pervert sense and meaning to the purposes of traduction.

“ What does the conduct of Mr. Burke towards
 “ the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale, in
 “ fact amount to, but a direct denial of their right
 “ to inquire into the nature of the pension which
 “ has been granted him by the Crown ? ”

Mr. Burke does not deny the power and right of the House of Lords to examine accounts, to censure, correct, and punish—that is one matter—but the propriety of the Duke of Bedford, to question the liberality of the Crown, to an old and faithful servant of his country—to reprobate the measure of gracious benevolence on one hand, and to declare against the personal merits of the object of royal grace on the other—that becomes a different sort of matter indeed. This was the case of Mr. Burke. The Duke of Bedford considered his services as too inconsiderable to warrant the liberality of his Majesty—of that liberality, which was
*“ the fruit of no bargain ; the production of no in-
 “ trigue ;*

“ *trigue ; the result of no compromise ; the effect of no solicitation.*” This put Mr. Burke to the necessity of stating what he could venture to call services to his country, and of remonstrating against an attack coming from a man, whose rare and enormous wealth has been derived from the favour and bounty of the Crown. Mr. Burke had the same right to examine the merits of JOHN RUSSEL, the child of royal profligacy, which the Duke of Bedford had to investigate the merits of Edmund Burke, the object of royal benevolence. The parallel was warrantable. It is true, that his Grace is not answerable for the crimes of his ancestor—and it would be heinous injustice to attempt such a purpose; but, nevertheless, the conduct of that ancestor as far as circumstances rendered it comparative, was a subject of qualified animadversion. I should be glad to be informed of the possibility of maintaining, that it was a “ *virtual denial of any right in parliament itself to investigate the propriety of grants and pensions* * , because Mr. Burke examined and contrasted the merits of two individuals, who had partaken of grants from the Crown. The thing is untenable—utterly beyond the aid of rational argument.

Nothing can be more inconsistent than the malevolence of all the scribbling rabble who have attacked

* Miles, page 71.

Mr. Burke upon this point. They condemn him as having called the public attention to the nature and tenure of property among the noble families of the three kingdoms. But pray observe how Mr. Miles possesses himself of the misconstruction, and wields it as a weapon of party fury—"The Duke of Portland
 " to a certainty would object to it; *the rapacity of*
 " *his ancestor, and the prodigality of King William,*
 " *disputed the prize of swiftness.* Only conceive, Sir,
 " a couple of Dutchmen in treble-fold breeches, and
 " buttons as broad as turnpike-roads, running a race
 " with each other. Nothing in nature could be more
 " absurd; no farce half so laughable! Sir, these two
 " gentleman became so frolicksome at last, and so
 " very much enamoured with these kind of races,
 " (*though neither of them had any thing to pay if they*
 " *lost*), that the legislature was under the necessity of
 " interdicting the sport, lest those who alone paid the
 " losings, without having any share in the fun, and
 " who were scarce allowed to look on, should be
 " ruined."

I am sometimes inclined to think that as the gusts of passion blow the mantle of loyalty aside, the *cloven heel* of the Jacobin can be seen. It is not DIFFICULT TO FIND THE OWNER of a dog who wears a collar.

I shall not usurp your attention any longer upon this subject; in so long and so miry a road, it is difficult

cult to escape free from a pollution so deep and extensive. I have endeavoured to wade through it, and wished to effect my progress without suffering from contamination of so detestable a stain. An undiscerning spirit of malevolence which adopts every weapon, and in its fury turns sometimes the handle and sometimes the point against the object of its wrath, riots throughout this most singular production of Mr. Miles. No fallacy of wit illuminates the scowling gloom of the soul. Decency denies her restraints, and truth her solid graces. His book is the very shambles of savage rage, in which genius and virtue are mangled with a most ferocious spirit of havoc. No manly reasoning, no candid argument, no generous hostility recommends a single sentence in it—none of that mixed character which diversifies with various qualities the chequered surface of publication—but an inflexible iron strain of stern unblushing detraction stands insolently spurning all that is creditable and good.

I read it with detestation, because I am a man. I comment upon it fearlessly, because I despise the resentments of such a person as the author—the malevolence of such a man must be among the brightest gems of praise—and as I am by more than forty years a younger man than the victim of his ruthless vengeance, I can appeal to that just retribution, which cannot be dealt by the languid arm of age.

The

The talents of Mr. Burke have ever been to me the subject of the highest admiration. The powers of his mind are richly varied. Elegant, copious, and profound, the persuasions of sentiment, and the constrictions of reason are equally within his ability. The sedulous structure of argumentation he decorates with the rusted splendour of ornament, here clustered in appropriate solidity, and there scattered in the light profusion of careless beauty. His stores of knowledge are exhaustless, and only bounded by creation. They appear to be beyond the attainment of human industry, and they are exerted with such ease and efficacy, that they seem as intuitive as the faculties by which they are managed. Nature seems to wait upon his mind, and obediently to bear her casket, loaded with all the luscious variety of her dominions. He is equal to Cicero and Demosthenes—he can glide in the smooth elegant subtlety of the one, and rush in the overbearing greatness and energy of the other. He excels them in many circumstances; he has a more immediate flexibility in the particular efforts of his mind, and combines more views in a more extensive comprehension of thought. And to see such a man attacked with a belluine ferocity by a Gothic despoiling—but I will not draw a contrast.

However soothing it may be to my pride, (and I know not that man who would not encourage pride in such a case), yet I shall not now boast of the honour of a long and unseparated intimacy with
you.—

you.—You can judge of me, my dear Sir, that I can have no little selfish views in interesting myself voluntarily in a discussion of this sort. I never spoke to Mr. Burke. I cannot have any prospect of advantage involved in endeavouring to defend him in the hasty construction, scanty extent, and short-lived existence of a pamphlet. As an Irishman, compelled by the duties of professional education to a temporary residence in London, and with all my views of life in another country, to which affection and interest both bind me, I cannot be suspected by the most illiberal mind for acting under discreditable incitements. From one of the most liberal in the world, I am sure of a generous opinion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS TOWNSHEND.

London, March 13.

F I N I S.

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